



"The Earth is the Lord's . . ."

OCTOBER 1957

The IMPROVEMENT ERA



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Exploring the Universe



by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

Predicting Tornadoes

THE AMERICAN Meteorological Society has just released a statement on the detection, tracking, and warning of tornadoes which outlines the experience of meteorologists. Improved forecasting techniques now make possible a positive forecast of tornadoes, six to twelve hours in advance, which will be verified in some portion of the forecast area 50 percent of the time. The forecast area concerned may be 30,000 square miles, but the actual destruction area rarely



exceeds 10 square miles. To find the particular thunderstorm cell which will produce a tornado, three methods are being used: first, seeing the tornado; second, radar echoes; third, "sferics," the thunderstorm's atmospheric electrical disturbances studied by radio methods.

Electroplating an Ancient Art?

APPARENTLY the Parthians, sometime before the time of Christ, near Baghdad of modern Iraq made usable electrochemical wet batteries. The German archaeologist, Wilhelm König, a few years ago found jars with an iron electrode and a copper cylinder insulated with asphalt. Connecting wires would have been bronze or iron rods. The cells may have been used for electroplating.



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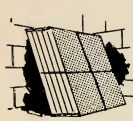
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The Challenge of the Constitution

by Dr. G. Homer Durham

VICE PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

THE CONSTITUTION of the United States expresses the fundamental idea of liberty under law. Its theory of law presupposes, anticipates, expects, and comprehends the advantages and the problems of liberty. Probably more people in the United States respect "the Constitution" than understand its fundamental challenge. Occasionally, too, declarations of respect for the Constitution are made from the standpoint of self-advantage. The Constitution recognizes self-advantage with other fundamental principles. But it does not end with self-advantage. Like the abiding doctrines of religious faith, the Constitution aims at objective "universals."

Ideally, all are alike unto the Constitution as ideally they are unto God, who is no respecter of persons.

This is not the place to elaborate on current constitutional controversies. The issues stem from the existence of two factual situations: (1) the presence as an integral part of American society of eleven percent of the population who are the descendants of African natives brought to this land as slaves until the Constitution halted the slave trade in 1808; (2) the influence in the world of the Soviet Union and its status as the power behind the doctrines of communism. Both situations involve the most complex human problems. They tax the best brains, the sternest feelings, and the deepest emotions. In the midst of such difficulties stand the principles of the Constitution, principles which the Supreme Court seeks to maintain and affirm.

In the *Second Treatise, Of Civil Government* (1690), John Locke affirmed an ancient doctrine, namely, that the "Law of Nature stands as an external rule to all men."

In the *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 130, verses 20-21 (April 2, 1843) the same principle is stated. "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated;

"And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated." The Constitution attempts to express some principles which, within its jurisdiction, should "stand" as "external rules to all men," as section 101 of the *Doctrine and Covenants* states in verse 77: "According to the laws and constitution of the people, which I have suffered to be established, and should be maintained for the rights and protection of all flesh, . . ." Verses 78-80 add: "That every man may act . . . according to the moral agency which I have given unto him, that every man may be accountable for his own sins in the day of judgment.

"Therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another.

"And for this purpose have I established the Constitution . . . by the hands of wise men whom I raised up . . ."

September 17, 1957, was the 170th anniversary of the signing of the original draft Constitution of seven articles, at Philadelphia, September 17, 1787.

Its great principles, like islands of truth, are always emerging from seas of received opinion, policies, practices, interests, and conflicts. Each generation can afford to be reminded of what Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, Lyman Wight, Caleb Baldwin, and Alexander McRae, prisoners in Liberty Jail, Missouri, from November 1838 to April 1839, wrote to their brethren on March 25, 1839:

"Here is a principle . . . which we are bound to be exercised with, . . . This principle guarantees to all parties, sects, and denominations, and classes of religion, equal, coherent, and indefeasible rights; . . . Hence we say, that the Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God." (*History of the Church*, III, p. 304.)

So, as the Constitution was born, under the inspiration of God and of such men as were gathered together,

(Concluded on page 767)

THESE TIMES

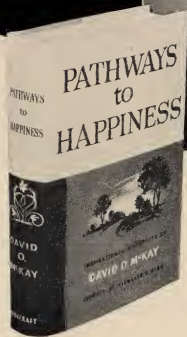
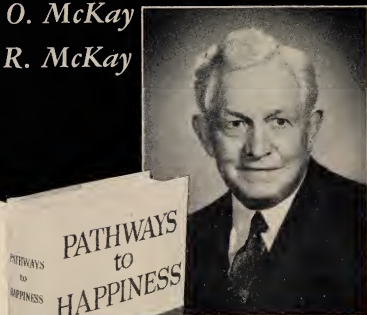
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Compiled by Llewelyn R. McKay

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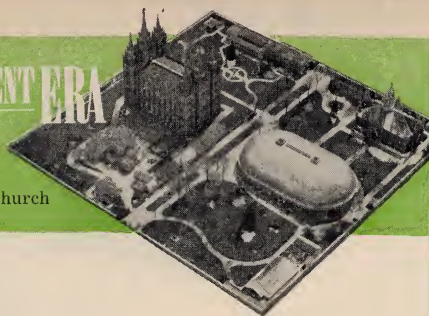
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The IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Voice of the Church



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THE COVER

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The cover is a full-color reproduction of the center section of a mural by Mary Kimball Johnson, painted for Emerson Ward chapel in Salt Lake City. (See March Era 1957, page 150.) Photography by Hal Rumel.

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5. You receive the full face value of your policy in benefits or refund!

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New Facts on Smokers

FROM SCIENCE NEWS LETTER
June 15, 1957

HEAVY CIGARETTE smokers die seven to eight years before they normally would if they did not smoke, Drs. E. Cuyler Hammond and Daniel Horn, American Cancer Society, reported at the American Medical Association's New York meeting.

This ominous finding plus the fact that cigarette smoking must now be considered an important factor in coronary disease, the nation's number one killer, were included in the final results of a 44-month study of 188,000 men between 50 and 70 years old made by the American Cancer Society.

Smoking definitely does cause lung cancer, Dr. Hammond said, and it is "associated" with coronary artery disease as well as other types of cancer and lung disease.

Lung cancer death rates were 1,000 percent higher among regular cigarette smokers than among nonsmokers.

The most important finding of this final part of the survey was what happens to smokers who decide to quit the habit: If they do, their chances of getting lung cancer drop about in half.

The figures showed light smokers quit the habit or cut down much more than heavy smokers do. Of the regular smokers at the end of the survey, 28 percent reported using filter tips. Since the survey began, 11,870 have died. Of these, 4,406 had smoked cigarettes regularly. If they had the death rate of nonsmokers, only 2,623 would have died.

Death rates from all causes combined rise with the number of cigarettes smoked daily. Compared to nonsmokers, the death rate was 34 percent higher for those who smoke up to half a pack a day, 70 percent higher for one-half to one pack a day, 96 percent for one to two packs a day, and 123 percent higher for two or more packs a day.

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Old Woman

In The Shoe

① (Faultless Version)

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe. She had so many children, she didn't know what to do! She had to iron, iron, iron all day long; and far, far into the night too!



Until... she discovered that hot starch makes ironing so very much easier—and lots quicker, too! That's because hot starch penetrates deep—goes in, not on the fabric like cold starch!



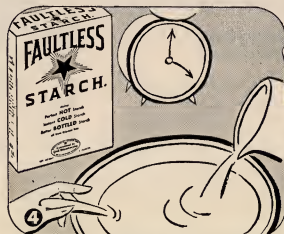
... she's happy on ironing day. Hot Faultless Starch makes her ironing so easy and fast that she even has time to play—and her "ironing-day blues" are far, far away!



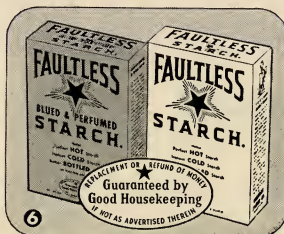
P.S. Clothes look "just-ironed" longer, too, when you use hot Faultless Starch. You'll not only feel less tired after ironing with Faultless, but you'll take a new pride in your family's appearance, when you switch to hot Faultless Starch. Try it. You'll see!



There were shirts, shirts, shirts and dresses by the score... work clothes and play clothes meant ironing that much more. Petticoats and pinafores made ironing even more of a chore!



She had thought she was saving time with cold starch. But now she takes just 20 extra seconds to make hot Faultless Starch—and she saves 20 minutes or more of ironing time! So, now...



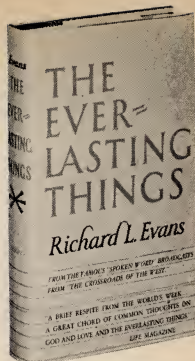
If you'd like to save 20 minutes or more of ironing time, use hot Faultless Starch—Blue and Perfumed, or regular white. You'll find hot Faultless Starch is the easiest starch to iron!

The Everlasting Things

Here is the seventh and latest volume of a distinguished series of "sermonettes" by Richard L. Evans, taken from his world-famous "Spoken Word" broadcasts on CBS. Life Magazine has described these essays as, "A great chord of common thoughts on

God and love and the everlasting things." A few of the timely, provocative subjects discussed include: Marriage, Family, and the Home; Youth Looks to the Future; Pride and Popularity—and many others.

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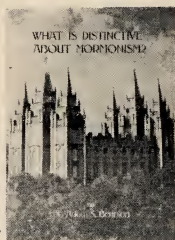
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What Is Distinctive About Mormonism?

ADAM S. BENNION

Dr. Bennion lists twenty-three distinctive features of Mormonism in this reprint of his popular Conference Address of April, 1957.

25c



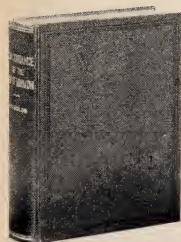
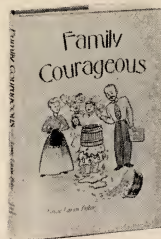
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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day to Day Chronology of Church Events

June 1957

28 NEW LIGHTING along the north side of South Temple Street from State Street to West Temple Street was turned on by Salt Lake City. The two block area includes the Bee Hive and Lion houses, the Church Administration Building, and the south entrance to Temple Square.

30 VIRGINIA STAKE organized from portions of the Central Atlantic States Mission and Washington (D. C.) Stake, with Elder Cashell Donahoe, Sr., sustained as president and Elders Walter Harold Hick and James Walker Cole sustained as counselors. Wards are Dutch Gap, Petersburg, Newport News, Norfolk, Portsmouth (all in Virginia), and Elizabeth City (North Carolina). These six wards were all branches from the mission. Richmond (Virginia) Ward was transferred from Washington Stake. The Virginia Stake also received the Franklin (Virginia) Branch from the mission. This stake, number 245 now functioning in the Church, was formed under the direction of Elders Harold B. Lee and Delbert L. Stapley of the Council of the Twelve.

Midvale (Utah) Stake organized from portions of East Jordan Stake, with Elder Reed H. Beckstead, former president of the parent East Jordan Stake, sustained as president and Elders Dorus A. Thomas and H. Keith Keller sustained as counselors. Midvale Stake includes East Midvale First and Second, Midvale First, Second, Third, and Fourth. Elder Donald B. Milne sustained as president of East Jordan Stake with Elders Stanley W. Burgon and Edward B. Erekson sustained as counselors. Wards now in East Jordan Stake are Butler First and Second and Union First, Second, Third, and Fourth. Elders J. Thomas Fyans and Jesse W. Thomson, counselors to President Beckstead in the old East Jordan Stake, were given their release. Midvale Stake is the 246th stake now functioning in the Church. These changes were effected by Elders Henry D. Moyle and LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve.

July 1957

5 JAMES M. KIRKHAM, 84, died at Salt Lake City. A brother of President Oscar A. Kirkham, he

was a brilliant churchman in his own right. He was a publisher, and had once served as assistant general manager of The Deseret News. He presided over the East Central States Mission beginning in April 1934. As a young man he filled an MIA mission, organizing units of the auxiliary in the Deseret (Utah) Stake. He filled a mission to California, and in 1938, a genealogical mission to Europe. He served as a member of the bishopric of the Lehi (Utah) Second Ward from 1905 to 1911. During the centennial year of the Church, 1930, he was chairman of the publicity committee. He had been a member of the Church's beautification committee. From March 22, 1932, to the time of his death he had served as a director of the genealogical society of the Church. He had held many civic honors as well, among them being on the committee for the opening of Zion National Park.

10 BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY announced that a program for the doctor of philosophy degree will be launched at the Church school in the fall of 1958. The first degrees will be granted not earlier than 1960.

11 PRESIDENT David O. McKay announced that the dedication of the New Zealand Temple was anticipated to be April 20, 1958.

13 PRESIDENT OSCAR A. KIRKHAM of the First Council of the Seventy presided at a special, inspirational mission conference of the Idaho Falls (Idaho) Stake.

14 ELDER Kenneth D. Jensen was sustained as first counselor in the Walnut Creek (California) Stake presidency succeeding Elder Owen J. Cook; Elder Joseph R. Hilton sustained as second counselor, succeeding Elder Jensen.

18 ELDER Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the bishops' storehouse of the Wyuta Region, Church welfare plan. The building is at Kaysville, Utah.

A youth parade in Salt Lake City honoring the pioneers was held. Daily from now until the twenty-fourth, events are scheduled as part of the annual celebration.

20 THE APPOINTMENT of Elder Clifton D. Boyack, an elementary school principal in Berkeley, California, as president of the Church's New Zealand College at Hamilton, New Zealand, was announced.

21 PRESIDENT Marion D. Hanks of the First Council of the Seventy delivered the Church of the Air address entitled "On the Frontier of the Spirit" over the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System's radio network.

Special pioneer programs were held in many of the wards and branches of the Church this Sunday.

With its 1456th broadcast in the series, the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and Organ began its twenty-ninth year of nationwide radio broadcasting. The network program began over KSL on July 15, 1929.

22 HUGO DANIEL EDWARD PETERSON, 96, stalwart among the Scandinavian people of the Church, died in Salt Lake City. He was born at Visby, Sweden, August 14, 1860. Baptized in his native land in 1873, while President Brigham Young was still alive, Elder Peterson had labored to build up the Church in the administration of every Church President since that time. Printer (Salt Lake Herald in the 'eighties, Deseret News 1884-1914); editor (Utah-Posten, Swedish-language newspaper of the Church, 1914-23); missionary (Scandinavia 1881-83; one-time president, Swedish Missionary Society; president, Swedish Mission 1923-25, 1934-36); translator, (Zions Sanger and Zions Sange (Swedish and Danish-Norwegian hymnbooks); as a member of the Church Historian's Office staff beginning in 1925, translated literally thousands of pages of Church material from English to Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian, and from the Scandinavian languages to English). Failing health had forced his retirement from his desk at the Historian's Office in 1950, when he was over ninety years of age.

24 A HUGE PARADE, a Tabernacle Choir program in the Tabernacle, and other events brought the one hundred tenth anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneers to a close in Salt Lake City. Commemorative programs were held in communities wherever the Church is established.

Now Standard refines a rare "rock" to give U.S. a new source of gasoline



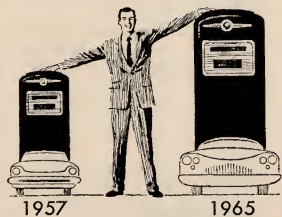
High pressure water jet shatters solid Gilsonite. Plume hose washes particles down mine floor to pipeline.

Petroleum products are now being made without crude oil. Standard found the answer in a rare hydrocarbon called Gilsonite. But it took \$16,000,000 and a vast research program to do it. Deep in the mountains of Utah our scientists worked out a better, faster way to mine Gilsonite. Meanwhile our engineers designed the nation's first pipeline capable of carrying solids suspended in water . . . over rugged terrain to a spot 72 miles away.

There Standard* built the nation's first privately financed refinery to make petroleum products from a material other than crude oil. Today that refinery turns Gilsonite into high octane gasoline for motorists, and the purest coke known for making steel, aluminum and other metals. In our country's search for new sources of fuel, the development of Gilsonite is a major breakthrough. It means the equivalent of 100,000,000 barrels of oil added to U.S. underground reserves—important help in meeting our country's growing petroleum needs.

Progress in the West means...

**New sources of gasoline
to fuel 5½ million more
motor vehicles by 1965†**



†In 11 Western States

**Through American Gilsonite Company,
a Standard affiliate*



STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA
plans ahead to serve you better

SAMSONITE CHAIR SUPPORTS 8 ACROBATS IN REMARKABLE TEST!



Dramatic Proof: It's the strongest folding chair for every use!

Imagine—the famous Wazzan Troupe put their combined weight of more than 1200 pounds on this all-steel Samsonite chair!

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all-steel folding
chairs in 10
decorator colors

Shwayder Bros., Inc.,
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Detroit 29, Mich.

IN CANADA, THROUGH SAMSONITE OF CANADA, LTD.

Live and Learn . . . Forever!

THIS LIFE is for serving and learning; so is the next. Part of life's lessons we learn by failing first and trying over. Some call it trial and error; another name for it is experience.

A certain amount of trial and error we must accept. It's good for us. But there is a short cut to learning, shorter than trial and error, which each of us should try to find. We should seek this short cut through thoughtful study, from the experiences of others, by the reading of good books, by going to school. Most folks call this kind of learning "education."

The chief purpose of education is to prepare us to live happily here and hereafter . . . and to make the world better for others who follow. The Prophet told us why: "We are saved no faster than we gain knowledge"; "The glory of God is intelligence." These lofty concepts of the place of education in the lives of people are the special incentives which spur us on in our search for knowledge.

It has been said even more plainly: ". . . if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come."

Yes, and in this life, too. For knowledge here is also power—the power to produce the essentials of healthful, happy, comfortable living; the power to govern wisely and effectively; the power to avoid some of life's unnecessary pains and frustrations which come to the ignorant or unadjusted; the power to recognize and appreciate truth and teach it to others.

These are some of the aims and products of learning and living—now and forever.

Nothing worth having is FREE



Be Honest with Yourself

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



—Photo by Hal Ramel Studios

SKY RIDERS

by Marian Schroder Crothers

They ride the wind.
The wild birds' wheeling, patterned flight
Is briefly etched in beauty on the sky,
Then lost to sight.
On garnered stubble fields they walk,
Touching the alien earth with restless feet,
Waiting strange call to wing aloft again.
They know the secret, far blue heights:
I, earthbound, only places safe and near,
Yet, watching, I too ride the wind,
Hearing the same strange call they hear.



By Pansy H. Powell

WALK SLOWLY in the drifting scarlet leaves,
Feeling their fragile touch upon your
hair;
Listen to rain-words whispered from the
eaves—
Of all that autumn offers, be aware.
Before the blooms of faded summer die,
Breathe in their fragrance, breathe the
scent of loam
Heavy with matted roots, and hear the cry
Of geese that arrow to their southward
home.
Try apples, crisp and tangy on the tongue;
See pumpkins, corn-row harvested; note
how
In twilight's room the evening star is hung.
Harvest the golden world of autumn now—
Up where the pine and aspen carpets end,
The snows are falling and the mists descend.

SUNFLOWERS

By Gene Romolo

WHERE SUN glows brightest, you will find
them,
Their brown-hued heads and yellow frocks
Filling what might be empty spaces
By the roadside—blocks on blocks.
Like sage, they are of native being,
Boasting naught of high-bred graces,
But like the sun they woo so boldly,
They light earth's arid places.

I SEE MY FATHER'S HANDS

By Georgia Moore Eberling

I SEE my father's hands once more
As clearly as I did before
The years were gray . . . when I was
small. . . .
Brown, they were, as a leaf in fall
That goes to sleep on the forest-floor.

Hands bronzed by sun and wind and toil,
Acquainted with the feel of soil,
But always ready to clasp mine,
Big hands as brown as the sere woodbine,
Strong as a link of a stout steel coil.

I see my father's hands at rest
Unmoving, pale, and quiet-blest,
How strange it was to see them still,
Still as a crumpled leaf and chill
Meekly folded upon his breast.
Some day our hands will clasp again—
Those hands as brown as the mother
wheat.
I will run to him as I used to do
When life was young and sky was blue,
And the heavenly choir will chant amen.

TO A LITTLE GIRL

By Dorothy Ronneburg

I HAVE a little girl, with freckles on her
nose.
Sometimes she's pretty naughty, and she
always tears her clothes.
She never keeps her hands clean, and she
will not wash the dishes.
But can you guess what I'd ask for, if I
could have three wishes?
I wouldn't ask for mansions, and I wouldn't
ask for clothes.
I'd only wish for three more girls, with
freckles on their nose.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

MY FATHER

By Grace Barker Wilson

MY FATHER lies upon the little hill
That overlooks the valley where he
made
His home for half a century. The will
To work and pioneer the land had paid
Big dividends. His horse-drawn plow had
turned
The fertile soil into rich pasture, field
Of grain, and orchard. He was most con-
cerned
About his family; their needs were sealed
Within his heart. He lived to see tall sons
And comely daughters honorably stand
Before the world as competent as ones
Less lowly born, a product of the land.
He rests now on his hilltop, quietly,
Where only pines and stars are there to see.

TO AN ARTIST OF OILS

By Dorothy J. Roberts

MEMORIES COME to haunt, after the deed;
Not any act nor substance can be freed
From aftermath of these. You lift a brush,
Remembering bright hills in autumn's hush,
And lay the Persian slopes in glowing oil.
Crowds endlessly review your tinted toil;
While words that out of solitude are burned
Must to someone, lonely, be returned,
And singly, somewhere, fill a quiet quest.
Your thoughts to many eyes at once are
guessed.
Paint ministers your need.
Words speak for me,
In syllables that silence weaves, called
poetry.

MUNIFICENCE

By Deborah Brown

ABOVE the lake's curved shore
Great-rooted oak trees tower,
And in October haze
Under the russet bough
Sharp-pinging acorns shower.
Brown nuggets on the ground
Are pebbles underfoot,
Rolling downhill to wedge
In crevices of rock,
Falling in rusty pools
Of small and bitter fruit.

CLOSE THE DOOR SOFTLY, LIFE

By Arthur Wallace Peach

CLOSE the door softly, life,
Nor leave it ajar;
Why enter a door
Where memories are?
Finish the sentence, then
Put down a dot;
To add to a sentence
Adds not a jot.
Lock the door well,
Lay the sentence aside;
From door and from sentence
The future is wide!

LEAVES

By Edwin E. McDonald

CRISP AND brittle, broken, brown,
These silent messengers swirl down
From tree and bush that held them tight
But loosed them for their downward flight.
Though dead and lifeless, they still bend
Their shattered forms to useful end:
Deep blankets for the ground and grass,
A comfort, as the seasons pass.
When glacial wrath has run its course
And yields to spring's eternal force
Then buds, which weathered winter's strife
As sleeping leaves, burst forth with life.



—Photo by Ralph H. Anderson

GOLDEN GLORY

By Marie Daerr

ALL THINGS are gold today: the willow tree
That drops new coins above the still,
blue pond;
The beeches' gold that lights the forest walk;
The autumn sun that, like a golden wand,
Illumines every shaft of harvest wheat;
Each shock of corn that dots the ripened
fields,
All vines that spill their beauty to the
ground.
Each heavy bough that pear and apple
yields;
While on the hills the leaf has brightly
burnt.
Like golden torches lifted to the sky . . .
My glad heart, too, would praise the King of
kings
Whom all the earth seeks thus to glorify!

SONG FOR A BELOVED

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

WERE there no darkened, rain-spewed days,
With skies as somber as the night,
The sun would not seem half as warm,
Nor April's blue world quite so bright.
Were there no gray tones in your moods,
Nor sudden spilling of a tear;
Your smile would lose half its delight;
And you would not be you, my dear.

The Editor's Page



by President David O. McKay

SOME THOUGHTS ON HOME

PARENTS MUST lead in the cultural development of their children and show a willingness to answer questions.

A child that is asking questions is contributing happiness to your life. Fortunate the child whose parents can leave their work occasionally to encourage the child in constructive play or spend a few hours in nature study!

* * * * *

The home is the spring of life, if you please, of our social conditions today.

* * * * *

The inspiration of God is seen in requiring the Latter-day Saints to keep their homes intact and to teach their children the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

* * * * *

Next to eternal life, the most precious gift that our Father in heaven can bestow upon man is his children.

* * * * *

I praise God for the instructions he has given his people regarding the sacredness, the sanctity, and the permanence of the family relationship. Let us impress these instructions upon our children.

* * * * *

The secret of instilling faith in God, faith in his Son, the Redeemer of the world, faith in the organization of the Church, lies in the home. There it is centered.

* * * * *

The home is the best place in the world to teach the highest ideal in the social and political life of man;

OCTOBER 1957

namely, perfect liberty of action so long as one does not trespass upon the rights and privileges of another.

* * * * *

By the art of home building, I mean the inculcating in the lives of children a nobility of soul that leads them instinctively to love the beautiful, the genuine, the virtuous, and as instinctively to turn from the ugly, the spurious, and the vile.

* * * * *

The real source of security of our nation rests in well-ordered, properly conducted homes.

* * * * *

Homes are made permanent through love.

* * * * *

Obedience is heaven's first law, and it is the law of the home. There can be no true happiness in the home without obedience—obedience obtained, not through physical force, but through the divine element of love.

* * * * *

A true Latter-day Saint home is one in which if Christ should chance to enter, he would be pleased to linger and to rest.

* * * * *

I have but one thought in my heart for the young folk of the Church, and that is that they be happy. I know of no other place than home where more happiness can be found in this life. It is possible to make home a bit of heaven; indeed, I picture heaven to be a continuation of the ideal home.



Your Question

by Joseph Fielding Smith

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Marriage in Eternity

Question: "There is what we may call an unwritten law in the world, that a woman cannot seek a companion in marriage but must wait until some man comes along to court and win her. Should a girl show any inclination to take the lead she is frowned upon as committing an improper act. The result is that many of our good young women are doomed to go through life alone. The scriptures teach that 'Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord.' The Church teaches that marriage is for eternity, and without it there cannot be the exaltation. Are these women, then, who go through life alone, to remain separately without exaltation as angels in heaven to be servants to those who have been more fortunate? This thought is troubling a great many of us."

Answer: In the Kirtland Temple, January 21, 1836, the Lord gave to Joseph Smith the Prophet a vision as follows:

"The heavens were opened upon us, and I beheld the celestial kingdom of God, and the glory thereof, whether in the body or out I cannot tell. I saw the transcendent beauty of the gate through which the heirs of that kingdom will enter, which was like unto circling flames of fire; also the blazing throne of God, whereon was seated the Father and the Son. I saw the beautiful streets of that kingdom, which had the appearance of being paved with gold. I saw Fathers Adam and Abraham, and my father and mother, my brother, Alvin, that had long since slept, and marvelled how it was that he had obtained an inheritance in that kingdom, seeing that he had departed this life before the Lord had set His hand to gather Israel the second time, and had not been baptized for the remission of sins.

"Thus came the voice of the Lord unto me, saying—
"All who have died without a knowledge of this Gospel, who would have received it if they had been permitted to tarry, shall be heirs of the celestial kingdom of God; also all that shall die henceforth without a knowledge of it, who would have received it with all their hearts, shall be heirs of that kingdom, for I, the Lord, will judge all men according to their works, according to the desire of their hearts.

"And I also beheld that all little children who die before they arrive at the years of accountability, are saved in the celestial kingdom of heaven."¹

According to the revealed word of the Lord based upon the restoration of the keys held by Elijah, we go into the temples today and perform vicariously all the ordinances required for exaltation for the dead who died without the opportunity to receive the gospel when they were living on the earth. If this privilege is granted to us to work vicariously for the dead who lived during past ages, surely the Lord will not deprive those who are now living and who are less fortunate, and because of no fault of their own, fail to receive these great blessings upon which, through faithfulness, exaltation is based and offered to the dead. The case of Alvin Smith is in point. He died before the restoration of the gospel, but after the coming of Moroni, yet the Prophet saw him in this vision partaking of the blessings of exaltation. This vision was one still future, it is true, for the Prophet also saw his father and mother there, and they were still living on the earth at the time.

Therefore, through the mercy and justice of the Lord, any young woman who maintains her virtue and accepts in her heart all the commandments and ordinances of the gospel will receive the fulness of the glory and exaltation of the celestial kingdom. The great gift of eternal life will be given her. This gift the Lord has described, shall be a "fulness and a continuation of the seeds forever and ever." All the gifts of exaltation will be hers, because she has been true and faithful, and what was denied her here will be given to her hereafter.² The Lord has said, "Behold mine house is a house of order, saith the Lord God, and not an house of confusion.

"Will I accept of an offering, saith the Lord, that is not made in my name?

"Or will I receive at your hands that which I have not appointed?

"And will I appoint unto you, saith the Lord, except it be by law, even as I and my Father ordained unto you, before the world was?

"I am the Lord thy God; and I give unto you this commandment—that no man shall come unto the father but by me or by my word, which is my law, saith the Lord.

¹DHC, Vol. 2, 290-281.
²D & G 122:24.

NOTE

Response to *Your Question* is so great that it is possible to answer on these pages but a small percentage of the questions submitted. In some cases it may seem advisable to answer questions by mail. This can be done, of course, only if you include your name and address when you write.—J. F. S.

"And everything that is in the world, whether it be ordained of men, by thrones, or principalities, or powers, or things of name, whatsoever they may be, that are not by me or by my word, saith the Lord, shall be thrown down, and shall not remain after men are dead, neither in nor after the resurrection, saith the Lord your God.

"For whatsoever things remain are by me; and whatsoever things are not by me shall be shaken and destroyed."⁸

After explaining this the Lord continues by saying that marriages performed in the world and not according to his law of the new and everlasting covenant, must come to an end when the covenanting parties are dead. For out of the world they neither marry nor are given in marriage. Therefore, those who are otherwise worthy before the Lord, and are satisfied with a marriage according to the laws of the world, may enter his kingdom, but if so they enter there to become "ministering servants," and their status is fixed "forever and ever." This applies, of course, to those who wilfully ignore the law of the Lord and are content with a marriage which is to continue only until death separates them.

In the great plan of salvation nothing has been overlooked. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the most beautiful thing in the world. It embraces every soul whose heart is right and who diligently seeks him and desires to obey his laws and covenants. Therefore, if a person is for any cause denied the privilege of complying with any of the covenants, the Lord will judge him or her by the intent of the heart. There are thousands of members of the Church in foreign lands who have married and reared families in the Church, who were deprived of the privilege of being "sealed" for time and all eternity. Many of these have passed away, and their blessings are given them vicariously. The gospel is a vicarious work. Jesus vicariously performed a labor for us all because we could not do it for ourselves. Likewise, he has granted to the living members of the Church that they may act as proxies for the dead who died without the opportunity of acting in their own behalf.

Furthermore, there are thousands of young men as well as young women, who have passed to the world of spirits without the opportunity of these blessings. Many of them have laid down their lives in battle; many have died in their early youth; and many have died in their childhood. The Lord will not forget a single one of them. All the blessings belonging to exaltation will be given them, for this is the course of justice and mercy. So with those who live in the stakes of Zion and in the shadows of our temples; if they are deprived of blessings in this life these blessings will be given to them during the millennium, for the Lord has prepared at that time to "... complete the salvation of man, and judge all things, and shall redeem all things, except that which he hath not put into his power, when he shall have sealed all things, unto the end of all things; and the sounding of the trumpets of the seven angels are the preparing and finishing of his work, . . ."

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."⁹

Alma has given us comforting words in his counsel to his son Corianton:

"I say unto thee, my son, that the plan of restoration is requisite with the justice of God; for it is requisite that all things should be restored to their proper order. Behold, it is requisite and just, according to the power and resurrection of Christ, that the soul of man should be restored to its body, and that every part of the body should be restored to itself.

"And it is requisite with the justice of God that men should be judged according to their works, and if their works were good in this life, and the desires of their hearts were good, that they should also, at the last day, be restored unto that which is good."¹⁰

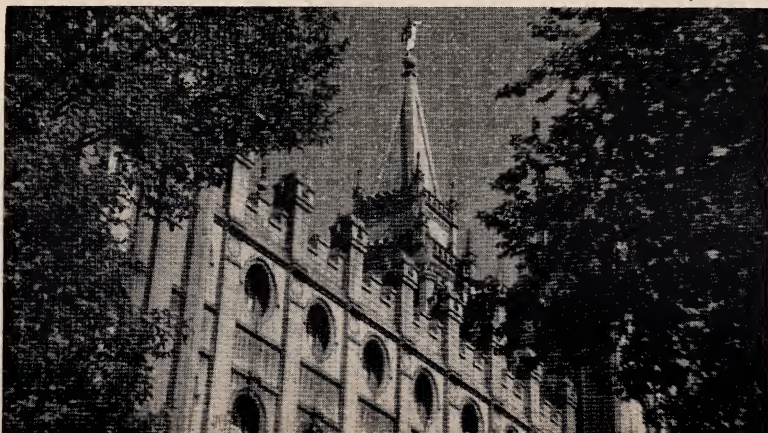
⁸*Ibid.*, 77:12.

⁹Matthew 11:28-30.

¹⁰Alma 41:2-3.

⁸*Ibid.*, verses 8-14.

—Photo by Willard Luce





—Photograph courtesy Deseret News by Ray G. Jones

CHOOSING the RIGHT*

by President David O. McKay

IN THE NOVEMBER 1956 issue of *Scouting* is a picture of six Boy Scouts with packs on their backs starting to climb what appears to be a somewhat precipitous cliff. In the background is a plain with two unidentified objects in it.

In imagination I should like to place in that plain, the picture of a jungle in South Africa where the germ seeds for the need of scouting were first planted in the brain of Sir Robert S. Baden-Powell. Throughout the jungle I would have many animals—lions, tigers, zebras, insects, and reptiles—native to the jungle, each seeking to devour or fearing to be devoured. All animals living the first

law of nature—self-preservation. In part of this jungle, but out on the fringe in the open, I would have men and women, living the same kind of life, but in a more refined state because community life helps to protect them from other animals. Sometimes they fight among themselves. The satisfying of the appetite, the gratification of passion, indulgence in pleasure would seem to be their only aim. This is the animal realm of this mortal state.

The six Boy Scouts referred to have turned their backs on this scene and are looking up to a land of enlightenment. Above them is a banner with the following Scout oath or promise: "On my honor I will do my best: to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout Law; to help

other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight." These Boy Scouts are looking toward the realm of character, the realm of the spiritual in which the physical may be subdued that the ideal may be realized.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round
by round."

—J. G. Holland**

They have left the physical realm, the animal world, and they are striving onward towards that realm of

*Address delivered by President David O. McKay at the 34th Annual Scouter Convention of the Great Salt Lake Council, Boy Scouts of America, at the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, March 8, 1957.

**From Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

character, towards the presence of their God. On their honor they have promised to keep their eye on God. In the animal world it is self. In the Scout world it is others and God. To please their Creator, not themselves, becomes the center of their being. To nourish and delight the body, as all animals may do, is no longer the chief end of mortal existence. Spiritual attainment, not physical possessions, becomes the chief goal. God is not viewed from the standpoint of what they may get from him, but what they may give to him. Surrendering themselves and their inner life to God, they hope to rise above the selfish, sordid pull of nature. But the road is high and steep, and they must climb, each with his own physical strength and his own equipment.

The Scout law names many things that will help them along that climb. I am going to name four or five, but they are all necessary, and when young men become imbued with them and realize what they mean, they rise to the peaks.

First, I name self-control—self-mastery—a principle for which all men have been placed in this mortal existence, and we all stood at one time and chose it. I think before I name self-control, I would like to mention that each one has the opportunity to choose for himself. He can't blame anybody else. He may keep his back turned towards those animals and states, or he may turn and enter into that field again—the field of the jungle into which one entire nation today invites him.



—Religious News Service Photo

"To do my duty to God and my country" is a part of the Scout oath.

About that choice I would like to remind you of what Oliver Wendell Holmes said in "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table": "When we are as yet small children, there comes up to

us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold—*TRUTH*. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters *LIE*. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse, just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the while to the angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after him Good-nature, and last of all Polite Behaviour, all insisting that Truth must roll, or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood." And so the young Boy Scout and the young girl yield instead of manifesting the mastery which is needed in society and in other places, in business circles, to resist, to overcome:

Choosing first the right way,

"You are the person who has to decide, Whether you'll do it or cast it aside. Whether you'll strive to the goal that is far, Or just be contented to stay where you are."

The first group of boys in England who organized, not even under the Boy Scouts, sent a letter down to Sir Baden-Powell telling him that they had decided to eliminate smoking, drinking, gambling, and coarse and vulgar speech. He wrote back and commended them for those standards

in the group, and then he named something to which I will refer later. Those boys took the second step in mastering the animal passions. They found out, as all Boy Scouts will find out:

"It is easy enough to be prudent, When nothing tempts you to stray, When without or within no voice of sin Is luring your soul away. But it's only a negative virtue Until it is tried by fire, And the life that is worth the honor of earth Is the one that resists desire."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The second thing that will help Scouts on their climb to the peaks is already put forth here tonight and is in the Scout law as is self-control, and that is preparation.

Last winter the United States Antarctic Expedition announced plans for a Boy Scout to go along as a junior scientific aide, as Scout Paul Siple had done in the 1928 Byrd Expedition. Dick Chappell went down to the South Pole, chosen out of hundreds of other boys who had applied. He was chosen because he was prepared. He was a member of Cub Scout Pack 61 and moved upward through the ranks to Eagle. He holds forty-six merit badges. He served as patrol leader, senior Patrol leader, and junior assistant Scoutmaster. He was elected to the Order of the Arrow, and holds the God and Country Award. He made a good record in high school. He was president of his class, made the soccer team two years, the swimming and tennis teams three years, and in his senior year served as president of the student council and was voted the best all-around boy of the year. He had time for Scouting, time for school, and time for church. When all the hundreds were eliminated, seven young men were invited back to New York. While there it looked as though one of those seven would be found prepared and would be chosen. This is what Dick said regarding it. After he sent in his application to join the United States Antarctic expedition, it was a long time before he heard anything about it, and he said, "Well, I certainly got a lot out of being prepared for it anyway."

The next point I wish to name while those boys climb with their

(Continued on page 742)

EXPLORERS DEDICATE

George Albert Smith Arch

EXPLORER SCOUTS" is an appropriate title for the thousands of young LDS men, who set forth at various times for adventure in the wilds. One of the highlights of this year's activities came in April with the dedication of the recently discovered "George Albert Smith Arch," in the "Land of Standing Men" twenty-five miles northwest of Monticello, Utah.

Into a vast, unexplored twenty by twenty-five mile area, Explorers from the Canyon Rim District and their leaders trekked into the weird formations shaped by wind and time—

amid Indian ruins and cliff dwellings, where legend will always hover.

The arch, 131 feet wide at the base and 112 feet high, was dedicated and emblazoned with a bronze tablet on April 6, 1957: "No. 131—the George Albert Smith Arch—To this great leader, scout, friend of youth—and President (1945 to 1951) of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—this arch is affectionately dedicated—April 6, 1957—Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association."

Harlan W. Bement, Utah State

director of aeronautics, who discovered the arch while charting emergency landing strips in the Needles area, led the adventurers and offered the dedicatory prayer. He was accompanied by George Prince, Canyon Rim district chairman, and James Groutage, Canyon Rim Explorer Scout commissioner.

The new-found arch is one of more than 200 such anomalies throughout that remarkable, sandstone desolation—evidence that there are still new frontiers, not so far away, crying adventure to those who will listen.



Looking west from the George Albert Smith Arch.

Group of Explorers use ropes in climbing cliff to reach the arch.

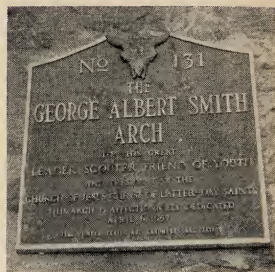


Erecting flagpole at campground near the arch.

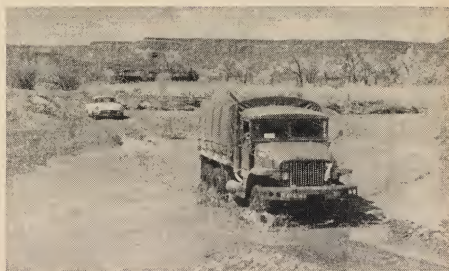


Dedicatory prayer was offered by Harlan W. Bement.

Bronze Tablet placed at dedication April 6, 1957.



Sandstone cliffs tower over two National Guard trucks and road which leads to George Albert Smith Arch.



Truck crossing stream in a normally dry stream bed.



Looking northwest from George Albert Smith Arch.

THE WORTH OF MIA*

by Elder LeGrand Richards
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

THIS IS A thrilling sight, brethren and sisters, to have the privilege of meeting with you this morning. I do not know whether you have opened your program or not, but Brother King did it to show me the entire picture. Here on this left-hand margin I read these words:

"Youth of the noble birthright deserves noble leaders."

So this morning it is my great pleasure to greet you noble leaders of youth of a noble birthright.

I pay tribute to the MIA of this Church, to Superintendent Curtis, President Reeder, and their assistants and counselors, and these boards, and the great work that you are accomplishing in the Church.

We meet in this general assembly, and we were, some of us, in the gathering last night, and some of you have been at the presentation of the drama, and you will hear the music festival. As I glance through the program, I learn that there will be seventeen different departments meet together in groups to prepare yourselves to do a better job as leaders of youth of the noble birthright of this Church.

It has been my privilege in the past to take part in some of these exercises in the various departments, and I know that in many cases they have not only filled the chapel, but also the recreation hall, and when you see all of that and realize, as Brother Curtis pointed out in his remarks, that you people have come from the West Coast to the East Coast or vice versa, and from Canada to Mexico, because as I stood in line there this morning I met you from all those distances, and realize that you have come of your own accord, motivated by only one thought, and that is to help build the kingdom of God in the earth, and bless his children, then my heart goes out in appreciation and gratitude and commendation to each of you who is present upon this occasion.

I like the theme that you have chosen for this year; in fact, I think all of your themes have been wonderful, but what could be more important in our lives than to know that this is life eternal, that we might know God, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, because, after all, all that we enjoy in this world, even the creation of the earth, as has been pointed out, all comes through their power.

So we are dependent upon them, as Jesus said: "I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." (John 15:5.)

Then if we really have that faith in God and in the Christ, how can we evidence that faith in a greater and more acceptable manner than to feed his lambs and feed his sheep.

You remember the statement the Savior made to Simon Peter, after the crucifixion of the Savior. Peter said, "I go a fishing." He could not realize the promises made by the Savior would actually be fulfilled, that after his body had lain in the tomb for three days, he would take it up again. Then they went fishing. They fished all night on the sea of Tiberias. They caught no fish, and then Jesus—they saw him standing on the shore in the morning—called to them and told them to cast their nets on the other side, which they did, and they were not able to draw in the multitude of fishes that they caught in their nets.

Then Jesus said to Simon Peter: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" More than what? More than the fish. Peter had said, "I go a fishing." That was his avocation, that was the thing he was interested in until he had met the Redeemer of the world. Then Peter answered, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." And then the answer came, "Feed my lambs."

And you remember that twice he repeated it. The third time Peter became somewhat exasperated and said,

"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." And then the answer came again, "Feed my sheep." (See John 21:1-17.)

Now, brothers and sisters, I do not know how we can show our love of God better than to feed his lambs and to feed his sheep. Shortly before he was offered up, he said to his disciples: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; . . ." And then he added: "These things have I spoken unto you, . . . that your joy might be full." (John 15:8, 11.)

FOR A MOMENT I would like to dwell a little on what I think the stake presidencies and the bishoprics owe to this great organization.

If the stake presidencies and bishoprics who are present here this morning, and if they are not here, they ought to be, and if they are not here, I admonish you workers from the wards and the stakes to take back to them the spirit of this occasion and some of the instruction that shall be given. I feel that this is one of the strong arms of the Church. Having been a stake president and a bishop of three wards, I would not know how to meet the challenge of taking care of the youth of the Church without the help of the great MIA organization.

These folk on the stand have heard me say before that if we did not have anything in this Church but the great MIA organization, we would have a great Church, and it would be much better than some people have at that; but here it is only one arm of the Church, and we cannot get along without it and without the service that it is rendering and without its influence upon the lives of our young people.

So I say, first, to the stake presidencies and the bishoprics that they should see that the organization is set up in a strong manner, with good leadership, and I think that when a stake president of the Mutual is chosen, or in the ward a ward presi-

*Address delivered at the MIA Conference Friday, June 14, 1957.

dent, that the stake president and the bishop should sit in with those men and with the women on the young women's side, and should explain to them the responsibility that they take upon their shoulders, that it is not a trifling thing, that it is not something they should carry for a few months and then resign. I do not believe we ought to resign in the work of the Lord. I think we ought to carry on until the Lord is willing to release us honorably from our position.



—Deseret News Photo by Ray G. Jones

I think that if we would do that as leaders in the stakes and wards, this Mutual would not be able to give such a report as they handed me the other day, that in a survey made in 163 stakes of Zion, and over 1400, as I remember, 1461 wards of the Church, the average tenure of office of the president of a stake Mutual is nine months, and of a ward Mutual, eight months. You cannot learn the program in that length of time. You need to know, you need to serve longer than that in order to get the feel of it, and I think that is one condition that needs to be corrected in the Church.

LAST SUNDAY morning, down in California, preceding our meeting in the temple, I accompanied a bishop to his eight o'clock meeting in the ward, and when we arrived there, I found the MIA officers of the Young Women's organization. The entire bishopric were there, and these officers and teachers had their roll book, and there they spent an hour studying the conditions among the young

people in the ward, and when they found young women that had not responded to the call of the teachers, the bishop would say, "We brethren of the bishopric will take that off your hands. We will see what we can do about it."

So I happen to know that they had a great feeling for the MIA and so I inquired a little as to their attitude and as to the mechanics of carrying forward that great organization, and I was told that they held a meet-

through and accomplish what we should do under the great assignment that is ours. The Lord saw fit to talk on this particular subject in a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith as you find recorded in the 99th and 100th verses of the 107th section of the Doctrine and Covenants. And I give you the Lord's words:

Wherefore, now let every man learn his duty, and to act in the office in which he is appointed, in all diligence.

He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand, and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved shall not be counted worthy to stand. Even so. Amen.

Now, you do not need any greater authority than the authority of the Lord to let you know that you must know what your duty is in order that you might be able to do it.

This bishop said, "Our Mutual has become such a power for good that we even have had the principal of the high school come to our Mutual a number of times to see what we were doing, he had heard so much about its influence in the lives of the young people."

That is not all, but this bishop told me that they had three young men, now serving in the mission field, all three of whom had been converted to the Church through attending the MIA.

While I was president of the Southern States Mission, we thought the MIA was one of the great proselyting agencies of the Church.

LET ME make another statement on the responsibility of stake presidents and bishops: See that the Mutual has places suitable to hold their meetings. Some years ago when I was a bishop, I with other brethren went into a stake of Zion. While there we inspected every recreation hall in the stake. As I went into one, I turned to the bishop who was present and said, "Bishop, would you dare invite the girls of your ward to come here in their party dresses to a dance?"

He looked around a little and said, "I don't believe I would."

I said, "I don't think you would either. Fix it up, Bishop, and fix it so it will be suitable."

Then we went in that same stake into the stake recreation hall, and I said to the stake president, "Could I see your kitchen?" And we went in the kitchen, and there were cock-

(Continued on following page)

ing like that once every month and the other alternate Sunday with the other auxiliaries. They attended every seven o'clock preparation meeting prior to their ward meeting, the entire bishopric.

I believe in the check-up system. I am like Amos and Andy—I believe in check and double check. I think that there are three requisites of successful leadership: the planning of our work, then the assigning of our work, then the check-up on it. I learned from this bishopric that they attend every party that they have in the ward under the direction of the Mutual. I think every stake presidency ought to try to do that in the stake parties.

Then he said, "We think the MIA program is a wonderful program. Their handbook is a wonderful guide." Then I wondered if all of us know what is in the handbook when we are called to positions of responsibility.

Now, brothers and sisters, if we do not know what our duty is, I wonder how we can expect to follow

The Worth of MIA

(Continued from preceding page)

roaches crawling all around, and the drainboard was so dirty that you would not want to touch anything that had touched the drainboard, and I said, "President, do you think a piece of pie served out of this kitchen would taste like the pie your wife served us last night?"

He looked around a little, and said, "I don't believe it would."

I said, "I know it wouldn't. Now," I said, "when the women make good pies, don't spoil them by bringing them into a dirty kitchen. Fix it up."

Well, that is one of the things I think that the stake and ward officers owe to the MIA.

I have talked on the matter of furnishing the necessary funds to carry on the MIA program before, and I threw out this thought: "Bishop, do you want a ten cent program, a twenty-five cent program, a fifty cent program, or a dollar program? You can't expect them to give you something for nothing. Those things don't just happen."

So in setting up your organization, you bishops and stake presidents, and you can carry this home to them, if they are not here—they ought to provide in the budget enough to carry on this program. We should not sell out to the world, so to speak, and send our young people away—many of our recreation halls are not used as they should be and as often, because we do not prepare the program for them.

So I leave that thought with you.

Now, what is the payoff? I have told you about this ward that loved its Mutual, having three boys in the mission field. I commend you people of the Mutual for the wonderful influence you have upon the lives of the youth of this Church. I call them the noble birthright. It is our privilege as General Authorities to interview thousands of these young men who grow into manhood and are called to fill missions, and many of them have spent years in the armed forces, and notwithstanding the temptations surrounding these army camps, many of them can look you in the eye and tell you that they are morally clean, that they have not succumbed to the temptations of this world. Thank God for the influence of an organization like this and the

priesthood quorums upon the lives of these boys.

RECENTLY I interviewed a young man for his mission, from Toquerville—I guess if any of you here are from there you will know who he is; and if you do not, I will not tell you, but he is now laboring in the Japanese Mission. I had a letter from him the other day. He told me this story. He said that he had just returned from serving eighteen months in an army camp over in Germany. He said, "One day we went as Mormon boys to the chief chaplain to see if we could get permission to hold our meetings in the government chapel. The chaplain said, 'Well, we would like to accommodate you, but it is in such constant use we just can't do it.' He said, 'I'll tell you; there is a classroom down in the basement. You can use that.'" Then he told these boys he would like to have them turn in a report of their meetings. When the first report was turned in, the chaplain said, "My, you must have a lot of Mormon boys at this base." He was told that there were thirty-five. He said, "I just can't believe it. Why," he said, "you have more boys attending your meetings than I have attending mine, and I have five thousand protestant boys under my supervision."

Now, when thirty-five Mormon boys, far away from home, far away from their bishops and their loved ones and their best girls, can make a better record of attending church than five thousand protestant boys, it speaks well for what is being put into their hearts while they are growing into manhood here in the stakes and wards of Zion.

And the chief chaplain, turning to these boys, said, "I'll tell you what we will do—we'll take the classroom down in the basement. You can have the chapel."

My daughter and her husband received a letter here last October from one young man—if I told you the family, you would know them—he and his companions were stationed down here in Albuquerque, in the armed forces. I think he had not been on a mission. But they went and volunteered their services to the Church officers in that community

when they were off duty, to labor as missionaries. That letter indicated that during 1956, up to October, those boys had brought 100 converts into the Church by baptism, by not wasting their time, as other young men do, but by giving it to the building of the kingdom of God in the earth.

If that is not feeding the sheep and the lambs, I do not know what you would call it, and it comes as the effect of your influence upon the lives of these young people.

We have had many compliments come to us. Just two or three years ago, during June conference, we had that Scout pageant up at the stadium—Brother Curtis will remember that some of us met with Dr. Schuck and his chief counselor, I think his name was Dr. Brunson. Monday morning before they left, Dr. Brunson said this: "I spent the happiest four days of my entire life here in Salt Lake City witnessing your youth program." He could not have said that if you had not had a good program. If you had not done things that were extraordinary that impressed him, he never would have made such a comment before he left Salt Lake City.

LAST YEAR at our June conference, we had a woman here, the sisters will remember, who came from New York. She said that she had met two of our lady missionaries back in New York and that they were the finest girls she had ever met, and she decided she would come out to Utah and see if she could find any more out here like those two girls. When our conference closed at the end of the Sunday morning meeting, and I walked into that little anteroom, I said to her, "Now, before you leave us, there is one thing I would like to say to you, and I want you always to remember it. Someday you will know that the spiritual capital of the world is here in Salt Lake City."

She said, "Mr. Richards, I know that already."

Similar comments come from every side, from people who come here to witness what we are doing.

Some years ago a man came from Holland. He was the agent of the Holland-American Lines. It was when President Grant was alive and before I was one of the General Au-

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

"FEED MY SHEEP"

by Monitor C. Noyce
OF THE DESERET NEWS STAFF

FEED MY SHEEP" and "seek after the one lost sheep," injunctions of the Savior, form a part of the foundation for the Girls' Program. This great program is doing a magnificent job building young womanhood in the Church.

For the past seven years it has been administered by the YWYMIA. Its thorough enlistment plan and many activities such as sports, drama, music, dancing, and speech has been effective in bringing in many of the "lost sheep," or careless ones. Sister Bertha S. Reeder, general president of the YWYMIA, reports approximately 1,400 girls were reactivated during the 1956-57 MIA year, which ended May 31. Sister Reeder has discovered there is no set formula for making the enlistment plan succeed in this huge reactivation activity but she reports that more than half of the 70,300 young women enrolled in the YWYMIA will receive Individual Awards this year, according to figures compiled by Helen Lingwall, attendance secretary. This represents 54 percent of the YWYMIA, compared with only 41 percent for 1950, when 20,626 of the 50,673 girls enrolled received awards.

Equally as important as the figures are the reasons this program succeeds. It begins with the survey of all girls in the Church between 12 and 19. This survey is completed during July and early August and forwarded to the YWYMIA offices, and is designed to furnish a reason or reasons for nonattendance at Church of every inactive girl. From such information ward YWYMIA presidencies, together with the class leaders and

(Continued on following page)

Representative class leaders needed to make the girls' program of the YWYMIA succeed are Mrs. Dellas Sullivan, left, and Mrs. W. Ross Sutton, right, standing. Bee Hive girls in the Yalecrest Ward class are, left to right: Pamela Brasher, Mary Ellen Rich, Dixie Lynne Royce, and Rebecca Clinger.



Bishop Harold W. Jeffs, Twenty-eighth Ward, Riverside Stake, considers girls' program matters at his monthly YWYMIA Bishops' Meeting. Left to right are: Ralph Donley, first counselor, and Laurence R. Mortensen, second counselor in the bishopric; Mrs. Clarence D. Evans, age group counselor; Mrs. J. Grant Richardson, president; Mrs. William D. Shelton, activity counselor; Miss Alice Coley, attendance secretary; Miss Betty Ann Black, secretary; Mrs. Clarence W. Back, Beehive; Miss Sharon Clark, Junior Gleaner, and Mrs. Thomas C. Davis, Gatherer.



Typical of the Rose Tying evenings was this one presented by Mia Maid girls of the wards of the Canyon Rim Stake. Left to right are: Elaine Bollschweiler, Sylvia Rhead, Shirley Blomquist, Shauna Groendyke, Linda Taggart, Jody King, Vicki Ann Sealy, Janet Basinger. Mrs. Shirley Sealy is group leader.



"Feed My Sheep"

(Continued from preceding page)

"Keep your eye on the ball." Sports has been effective in the reactivation of 1,400 girls during the past year.

Dance-Drama festival offering "Beauty's not for Wishing," produced at the East Los Angeles Junior College stadium.



Quartet festivals have proved helpful in reactivating young women in the YW-MIA. Pictured are Ensign Stake finalists in the 1956 Salt Lake Festival.



Dancing is another field of the arts that can be used in bringing young women into activity in the YW-MIA. Scene is from New England Mission MIA conference.

bishoprics, chart their course of reactivation.

The following points contribute to the program's success:

- 1—Good class leaders
- 2—Enlistment plan
- 3—An activity program
- 4—Holding of regular bishop's meetings
- 5—Accurate record keeping

There is actually no set way in which to reactivate girls. What may work to assist in bringing one "lost sheep back to the fold" may not accomplish its purpose with others, states Sister Reeder. Therefore each case must be considered separately. But in all cases persistent follow through nets the best results, and such ideas and activities as the subsequent have produced good results:

"A sincere desire on the part of the executives to bring these girls back into activity . . . personal contacts with the girls and their mothers . . . good class leaders who are interested not only in 'just giving a lesson.' Sports, drama, dance, music, and speech and other traditional activities of the Mutual have aided in this reactivation program."

Another recent survey involving such considerations as "what the stakes need help with the most," and the "stakes' most serious problem in connection with the girls' program," has revealed such problems as the following:

How to keep leaders; how to make leaders sense a greater responsibility; how to induce secretaries to keep accurate and complete records; developing complete and successful enlistment committees; relating the girls' program to the rest of the Church; getting teachers to go the extra mile—to follow the outlined program, etc.

An unusual record in the Girls' Program of the YW-MIA has been made by the Canyon Rim Stake. Canyon Rim, a typical stake, consists of eight wards and has functioned for eight months.

All eight wards in the 1st year Bee Hive Department (12 years old) were eligible for the Flower Ceremony, all eight wards in the 2nd year Bee Hive Department (13 years old) were eligible for the Hive Building Ceremony, and all eight wards in the Mia Maid Department (14 and 15 years old) were eligible for the Rose Tying

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FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS I had not set foot in the place where I first breathed the breath of mortality. And it was a good feeling to go back, even if it was just for an overnight visit. The major landmarks of Lincoln, Idaho, were still there, although somewhat changed. The chapel had been remodeled, and the school building had a new section added onto the rear. Most of the older homes which I remembered were either missing or had received face-liftings. The two creeks running through the town were still as inviting to me as they were when I was a boy learning to swim and fish in them. The older people whom I had known were readily recognizable, but the younger ones, my fifth grade schoolmates of twenty-one years ago, had certainly changed. Out of a class of about eighteen, only one or two had taken up permanent residence in Lincoln. Some few had centered around Lincoln in nearby communities, but the majority of that fifth grade class had scattered around the world.

I looked up the one schoolmate whom I knew to be living in Lincoln and was delighted to meet him again and become acquainted with his family. Although my wife and I and our two oldest daughters were the same as strangers to them, they treated us in the most friendly manner and accorded us the finest hospitality.

My wife was interested in the visit and stated that she was happy to have a look at the streets, lanes, houses, and people which had been a part of my life until I was eleven years of age. Our two daughters, eight and ten years old, obviously were not impressed with the small, quiet community which was very dear to me.

It was early evening as we rode slowly along the streets which had provided the setting for my boyhood adventures. The house where I was born was pointed out, and then we drove by the other two houses where my folk had subsequently moved during the seventeen years they had lived in Lincoln. As we passed these and other places, many cherished scenes were recalled, and briefly it seemed as if twenty-one years had not really elapsed since I had last seen them, that it would be quite possible for me to knock on the door of one of the houses, call the name of the boy who once lived there, and see him appear just as I remembered him with his fishing pole or his slingshot. If

A Vacation to Your Birthplace

by L. Dean Lee

it is possible to be homesick in your own hometown, I guess I experienced such a feeling.

We passed the store where mother had sent me many times with a grocery list, which sometimes included my choice of one of the pieces of penny candy always in sight. As we crossed over the Sand Creek Bridge, the swallows were swooping in and out under it, and I knew one could find mud nests underneath as I had formerly found them. The tall guardians of the main street, the beautiful cottonwoods, had been taken out, and the street had an unfamiliar, naked look.

As we passed the Lincoln Ward Chapel, I recalled with pleasure the Sunday School and Primary classes and the little silver-haired woman who had sung louder than any other member of the congregation. I remembered clearly my teachers.

The school building near the chapel was the most familiar structure in town. As I looked at the front entrance, I could easily recall the inside hall and room arrangement, teachers, janitor, schoolmates, school parties, apples on Christmas, and the tubular fire escape. I sensed a warm closeness to those silent red brick walls. Despite popular opinion to the contrary, it was my experience that school was a wonderful place to be. My school days reflect mostly memories of proud moments over achievements, fun, and happiness. I recall saying good-bye to one particular schoolmate when we moved from Lincoln. I had overheard conversations to the effect that warm handshakes were desirable. I kept my hand in my pocket for a sufficient period of time to insure a warm handshake when I bade him farewell.

As we finished the short tour through the small community, memories flooded my mind in unruly waves, and I felt within me a new thrill. From the standpoint of inner

satisfaction, I heartily recommend such a visit to every person who has moved from his birthplace. It will be well worth your time.



Family Hour Discussion Topic

In preparation for the November visit of the ward teachers, it is hoped that each family will read, possibly as part of their family hour, this stirring article. It is the fourth in this series in which General Authorities, in co-operation with the Presiding Bishopric, discuss ward teaching topics.



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

INVENTORY TIME

by Elder Mark E. Petersen

OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

THERE IS GREAT meaning in the Savior's instruction that we seek for perfection, even as our Father in heaven is perfect.

Some take his teaching lightly, saying that no one can achieve perfection in this life, that such a goal is far beyond us—somewhere in the eternities.

Granted, that we cannot become perfect like God while we are in this mortal life. But we can begin now. The Lord expects it, or he never would have given us the commandment of which we speak.

But how can we make this beginning?

Perfection is not attained "by sudden flight." It is a process of growth and development. To work toward it intelligently, we must have a plan to follow, a set of specific directions to guide and to help us.

Since the Lord is our pattern, we must accept his gospel as the over-all plan to follow. The commandments are the specific directions. As we keep each commandment, two things happen: (1) We eliminate from ourselves those habits which are not in keeping with his teachings, and (2) We build into ourselves those Christ-like traits of character which help us to become like him. In this man-

ner we strive to become "perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

But to build good character requires a consistency of action. We cannot be hot one day and cold the next; we cannot be pious on Sunday and the opposite the rest of the week. We cannot carry water on two shoulders; we cannot straddle the fence; we cannot serve two masters. We must be consistent. We must "hold to the line," we must stay on the straight and narrow way all the days of our lives. To stray off on a tangent is to get into dangerous "territory." Whenever we stray from that straight and

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

narrow way we sin, and when we sin, we break the laws of God.

President George Albert Smith at one time taught:

"There are two influences in the world today, and have been from the beginning. One is an influence that is constructive, that radiates happiness and builds character. The other influence is one that destroys, turns men into demons, tears down and discourages. We are all susceptible to both. The one comes from our Heavenly Father, and the other comes from the source of evil that has been in the world from the beginning, seeking to bring about the destruction of the human family. The war that is being waged today is being fought by people who have not had the inspiration of the Almighty. It has been forced upon the world by those who have listened to the tempter, who would destroy all happiness in this life and in the life to come. Therefore we should take advantage of our privileges and realize that there is something for us to think about before we move and each time be sure that we are right and then go forward.

"My grandfather used to say to his family, 'There is a line of demarcation, well defined, between the Lord's territory and the devil's. If you will stay on the Lord's side of the line you will be under his influence and will have no desire to do wrong; but if you cross to the devil's side of the line one inch, you are in the tempter's power, and if he is successful, you will not be able to think or even rea-

son properly, because you will have lost the spirit of the Lord.'

"When I have been tempted sometimes to do a certain thing, I have asked myself, 'Which side of the line am I on?' If I determined to be on the safe side, the Lord's side, I would do the right thing every time. So when temptation comes, think prayerfully about your problem, and the influence of the spirit of the Lord will enable you to decide wisely. There is safety for us only on the Lord's side of the line.

"If you want to be happy, remember that all happiness worthy of the name is on the Lord's side of the line and all sorrow and disappointment is on the devil's side of the line." (*Sharing the Gospel with Others* by President George Albert Smith, pp. 42-43.)

Since consistency of action is so necessary, it is well to check on ourselves from time to time; it pays to look back over our path and see whether we have wandered, or "stayed on the Lord's side of the line."

Such a check-up shows us the direction in which we are traveling. It permits us to readjust our course if we have failed in some manner.

A detailed check is always best. Let us make a list of all the commandments of the gospel, from family prayer and tithing, to saving our dead and sustaining the Authorities of the Church.

Make a self-quizz out of it. As we

list the commandments, one under the other, let us also provide space for a "yes" or "no" answer as we ask ourselves whether we comply with these commandments. This will give us an instant picture of where we stand—whether on the Lord's side of the line, or in a place of disobedience.

Alma had such a check-up in mind, no doubt, when he wrote:

"Behold, I say unto you, that the good shepherd doth call you; yea, and in his own name he doth call you, which is the name of Christ; and if ye will not hearken unto the voice of the good shepherd, to the name by which ye are called, behold, ye are not the sheep of the good shepherd.

"And now if ye are not the sheep of the good shepherd, of what fold are ye? Behold, I say unto you, that the devil is your shepherd, and ye are of his fold; and now, who can deny this? Behold, I say unto you, who-soever denieth this is a liar and a child of the devil." (Alma 5:38-39.)

The Lord is very earnest in his desire that we comply with his commandments, knowing that only such compliance will bring the perfection we need for our own progress in his kingdom. For that reason he said:

"Behold, the Lord requireth the heart and a willing mind; and the willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land of Zion in these last days." (D & C 64:34.)

It has been said that eternal vigilance is the price of safety. Only vigilance can keep us in the way of life.

Slow On That Snappy Comeback? Good!

By Helen Houston Boileau

HAVE YOU OFTEN berated yourself for not having come up with an immediate snappy retort to someone's cutting remark? In the middle of the night you think what you *might* have said that would really have topped the opposition, and you rue your slow reaction.

Your regrets are wrong. Be glad that you are a bit slow at cutting repartee. Chances are you have saved yourself many a quarrel—and many a friend. This isn't a "Pollyanna-ish" salve for your ego. It is sane Christian thinking.

Go ahead and think all those sharp smart retorts you missed making if you must. Get it out of your system; then cool off and calm down. Once you have fumed out your resentments things will look brighter; you will have let off your pent up emotions, alone, without degrading yourself by making regrettable, childlike remarks in public.

A friendship saved, your mature dignity maintained, and the knowledge that you have not said things you regret but cannot change—these far outweigh the momentary satisfaction that quick, cutting retort would have given you. Honestly, how much *real* good would that "might have said" remark do anyone?



The big cat toyed with the meat, then gazed off absently into the space above the hollow where the sheep were.

The Big Noise

by Ora Pate Stewart

SYNOPSIS

Rachel and I were out looking for a lost cow. Snooks, our pony, was scared by a big noise and ran home. Pedro, a shepherd, took us to his camp and identified the big noise as a mountain lion. We were unarmed. Our only hope was that Papa would come looking for us when he discovered that Snooks had come home alone.

CONCLUSION

WE KNEW the thing was just outside. If only it wouldn't make the big noise! It had undoubtedly followed us up the draw. We felt a tug, and the wagon lurched forward a little. We pressed against Pedro and peered over his shoulders. The thing had pulled the dead sheep off the wagon tongue, like some Halloween prankster—just to let us know he was around. It couldn't have been hungry—eight sheep and a cow and calf. Of course they say those things don't always kill to eat.

That lion didn't look like a killer. He was long and slinky. His body was thin. You couldn't see that he had eaten anything at all. Only his coat was sleek and healthy, showing that it had been lubricated (from the inside) by goose grease or lanolin. It was the color of a cocker spaniel. His face looked no fiercer than Rachel's little yellow kitten's face—her little kitten that purred. Even his eyes did not betray him. A wolf's will; they glitter with evil. And a coyote's eyes look sneaking and distrustful. But this animal's eyes looked almost sympathetic.

I wondered how he could possibly have done all the things he was accused of. He opened his mouth, and I could see that he was capable all right. He tore a sizable piece from the dead sheep and minced at it like a dainty lady with an olive. If only Pedro had "made with the poison

that meat!" We knew how he would do it. He would slice into it cross-grain and then would sprinkle in the white powder—strychnine. The grain of the meat would suck in the bitter poison—and the over-all smell would be meat.

Pedro didn't say a word. He laid the knife across his knees.

The big cat looked lazy and bored. He toyed with the meat and then gazed off absently into the space above the hollow where the sheep were. He knew we had no dog and no horse. And it seemed that he knew we had no gun. He padded back and forth a few times, then stretched himself, yawned, and lay down by the sheep carcass.

Actually there was no reason for the cat to doze outside our door. If he had any business with us, he could have come in. The door was open.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The roof and sides were of the merest canvas, weathered to a tattleale gray. Obviously he did not want to harm us just then. Perhaps he just wanted to keep us imprisoned, so we couldn't interfere with him. He blinked his eyes and yawned. He was undoubtedly weary from all he had done and sleepy because he had worked the night shift. He had traveled a great distance, but his sides were not rippling, and he was not lathered.

Poor Snooks was undoubtedly still running. He wouldn't stop until he came to his own stall in the big barn at home. That was the way he did when there was lightning.

And then a flash of hope crossed my mind. Papa would see the fresh lather! He would see the pinto and the shepherd's gun and would know that we were stranded at the sumter range. He would blanket poor Snooks and give him some oats. Then he would saddle a fresh horse for himself, bridle another one for us, tie the pinto to his saddle horn, and come up the draw to our rescue.

"Please, Heavenly Father, tell him to bring the thirty-thirty," I said without making any noise. "And please tell him to hurry." Papa never hurried. And if he did, it would still take a couple of hours. Pedro didn't have a clock. He didn't even have a calendar. He didn't even know that it was Thursday. Still, we were so quiet that we could hear the ticking of eternity.

The great cat wrinkled his nose and looked bored. A flock of magpies circled noisily and headed for the spring. This must have reminded him that he was thirsty. He got up,

stretched himself into a long quarter moon, yawned audibly, and padded off toward the spring. Pedro waited until we heard the loud scattering of magpies, and then he bounded lightly out onto the wagon tongue. He plunged his knife into the piece of meat and dragged it to where he could reach it. Then he hurried with it back up the wagon tongue to his place in the doorway. He slashed the meat in several places, took an open can from his cupboard, and scattered the white strychnine powder through the cuts. He took the mutton back down the wagon tongue and laid it exactly where it had been. In broken whispers he told us that the lion would likely not strike until night. Pedro would not throw the knife because a wound only added to a lion's strength. However, he would sit in the doorway and if the cat tried to come in he would take his tonsils out, or the Spanish equivalent. I couldn't make out just exactly what the operation was that he intended. I was to back him up with the grubbing ax, and Rachel was to smear mutton tallow on the sage clumps in the wood box and make them ready for firebrands. Cats were supposed to be afraid of fire. We would not light them until after dark or at least until the need arose. The cat was coming back now, so we quit talking and resumed our places exactly as we were.

He lay down in the same place he had been. We hoped that he would nibble on the meat, but he didn't even look at it. He just yawned.

The hours that followed would be boring in the telling. I could say

that we twisted and squirmed trying to keep quiet, that the lion wiggled his ears to dissuade a persistent blowfly, and that he occasionally yawned way down into his throat.

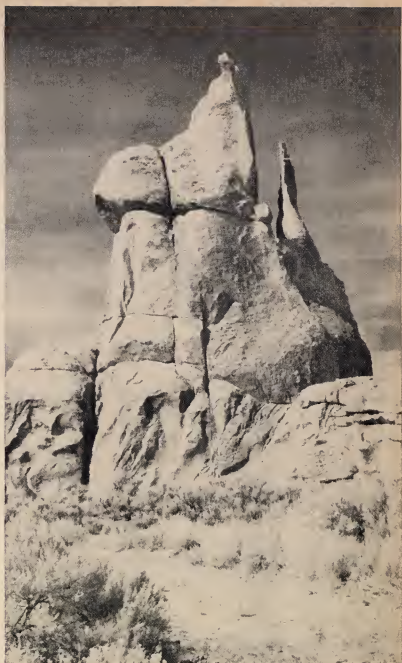
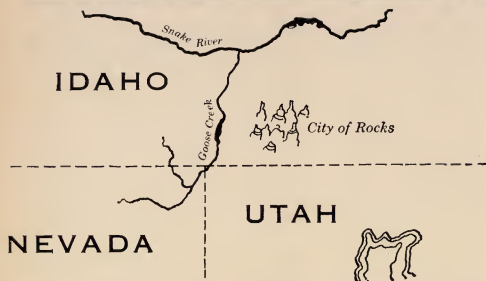
The wagon was facing east; and after a few hours it began to get darker at our end. The shadow of the rounded canvas top pointed taller and taller in front of us. You'd have thought the lion would have moved back out of the shadow. Animals don't seek the shade on the summer range. They don't have to. There's always enough wind to keep them cool. But he had a fur coat on, so I guess it didn't bother him. Anyway he didn't move. I hoped he would go away before dark. Rachel's hands were very sensitive about heat and cold. I hoped she would not need to light the firebrands; but it was better for her to light the firebrands than to have to wield the grub ax. She didn't have the finger muscles it would take for that. I wished that in a moment she would shake me, and we would sit up and rub our eyes and find out we had only fallen asleep on the cool grass at the heart-shaped piece. I sometimes had nightmares, and she would shake me. I wished we could wake up and find the cow and calf and go home.

The cat roused a little, arose, and stretched himself, ignored the meat that Pedro had seasoned with strychnine, and reached over and got himself a fresh slice from the carcass. It was nearly dusk now and his new day's work would soon begin. He guessed he'd go get himself another drink of water and get at it. He disappeared over the edge of the rise above the spring.

Pedro grabbed the grub ax from my hands. My fingers were numb and cold. I hadn't noticed them before. He put the knife back in his belt, and taking up the woodbox full of the clumps Rachel had tallowed, he hurried down the wagon tongue. He sank the grub ax down into the hard ground with a heavy thud. He loosened a sod, set up a sage clump in the hole, and moved on. About three feet apart he set up another, and another, and another until he had a horseshoe of clumps around the front of the wagon. I wanted to light them but he made me stay inside. He tore a page out of the catalogue and twisted it into a long taper; then he lighted the firebrands

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SILENT CITY OF ROCKS

by Willard Luce

TODAY IDAHO's Silent City of Rocks is a long way from any major highway. It is thirty-six miles south of US 30 which swings across southern Idaho. It is one hundred miles north of US 40 as it races across Utah and Nevada.

A little more than one hundred years ago, however, the Silent City of Rocks was an important junction on the old California Trail; in fact, it was the junction, or apex, of three branches of the California Trail. The Fort Hall route followed along the Oregon Trail and the Snake River as far as the Raft River. Here, those bound for California turned south. They followed up the Raft for some distance before swinging westward again. They passed through the City of Rocks, then dropped down into the valley of the Humboldt River in Nevada.

The southern route went southward from South Pass to Salt Lake City. From here it went northwest, skirting Great Salt Lake, and finally joining the Fort Hall route at the Silent City of Rocks just north and a little east of the present Utah-Nevada border.

The third route was the Hudspeth cutoff. It more or less bisected the area between the other two. This was the rough one. The land was rugged, broken. Much of it was twisted lava beds, waterless and barren. In places, mountains rose, ramming their peaks against the sky. In other places, deep, impassable gullies stretched across the land.

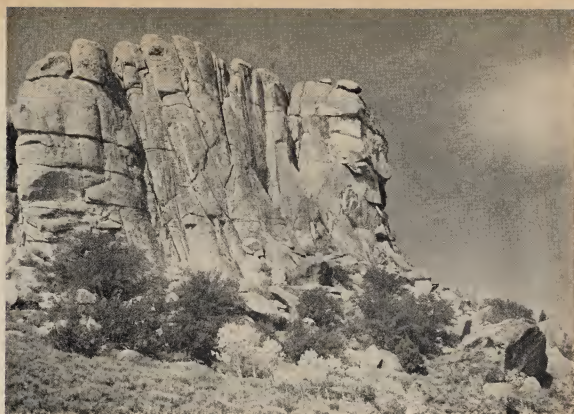
The Hudspeth cutoff was never very popular.

Many there were in those early days who passed through the Silent City of Rocks. Many there were who

stopped long enough to carve their names or to paint them with axle grease on the strangely and fantastically eroded granite boulders. Here nature played one of her strange tricks. Today many of the names and dates stand out in relief. Those names, painted in grease, have withstood the wind and the sand while the exposed granite surrounding them has worn away.

And many there were who reached the Silent City of Rocks but never left again. This was the land of the Bannock Indian.

The greatest disaster, the Almo Massacre, occurred in the summer of 1861. One early morning a wagon train of sixty wagons pulled away from the little Almo Creek where the people had camped the night before. Slowly they stretched out onto the flats in a long, straight line.



Strangely eroded granite boulders make up the formations which fashion the Silent City of Rocks. Picture at left, on right hand page, shows place where the California Trail came through the notch (upper left corner). Grain fields cover the land where oxen once pulled the huge Conestoga wagons.

Once the wagons were well away from the water, the waiting Indians swooped down. Quickly the wagons were swung about to form a corral. Inside were three hundred men, women, and children, and all their animals.

The Indians didn't do much fighting, just enough to keep the siege intact, just enough to keep the emigrants from the water of little Almo Creek.

Desperately the men dug within the enclosure of the wagons. Down through the sage and the topsoil. Down. Down. Down. But they found no water. On the third day, the animals had to be turned loose because, crazy with thirst and the constant yelling of the Indians, they endangered the lives of all those within the wagon corral. Once released, the animals immediately raced for Almo Creek, where they had their drink and were captured by Indians.

After that it was only a matter of time, and they all knew it; but six

refused to give up. Early the fourth night, a man and a woman slipped out between the wheels of the wagons. Slowly, cautiously, they moved through the sage, crawling inch by inch on their hands and knees. Every second or so they stopped, desperately searching the night for any sound, any movement, any smell.

Another few feet. Another stop. Then a few yards. Slowly the wagon train fell back until it was a quarter of a mile away. Then a half a mile. Finally a mile.

They partially stood up now, and made short, stooped-over runs through the yard-high sage.

A few hours later four others crept out from beneath the sieged wagons—a man, two women, and a nursing baby. The baby was asleep. The mother, crawling on her knees and one arm, almost fell when her long dress caught under her. The baby stirred and whimpered. Almost frantically the mother cradled the

child in her arms and rocked it, cooing in its ear.

Ahead, the others stopped in a world that had suddenly become ominously quiet.

For a long moment the mother fought her despair and thought of going back. Then she clamped her teeth into the baby's clothes and, carrying it like an animal might carry its young, she went on.

From a distant hill came the cry of a coyote. The baby wriggled and the mother moved her head gently back and forth, swinging the baby as if it were in a hammock or a swing.

Slowly the four crept on.

As far as is known, these six people were the only ones to escape. Six out of three hundred. The first man and woman made their way down across the hills and valleys to Brigham City, Utah, almost a hundred miles away.

A rescue party set out immediately. They met the man, the two women, and the baby; but they were too late

(Concluded on page 766)



—A Three Lions Photo

JESUS VISITS JUDEA

by Doyle L. Green
MANAGING EDITOR

WHERE IS JESUS?

This is the question which seemed to be uppermost in the minds of many of the Jews in Jerusalem during the early days of the festive week of the Feast of the Tabernacles. From all over the Holy Land and from far distant places had they gathered to the Holy City for this great occasion which took place each fall after the harvest.

In some ways, the Feast of the Tabernacles must have been the most spectacular of all Jewish celebrations. During the week, which started and ended with the Sabbath, the people lived, for the most part, even those who remained at home, in booths or shelters covered with fresh cut twigs or boughs.

These crude but picturesque shelters were symbols of the dwellings used by their revered ancestors during the long years they traveled in the wilderness after being delivered from the Egyptians. They served to remind them of that journey and to make them more appreciative of the promised land to which the Lord had led them. These shelters, of course, had to be completed before the beginning of the week, and one can picture the activity that went on. Most of the people from distant points stayed outside the city itself, building their shelters on the hills, in the fields, and along the roads.

Events that characterized other feasts also prevailed here—the temple taxes were paid, sacrifices were made,

services were held. In addition, activities peculiar to this particular celebration were carried out.

But where was Jesus? Why was he not in attendance? Would he yet come? If he did would the threats of the Jewish leaders to kill him be carried out?

Opinions concerning the Galilean varied widely. Some of the people looked upon him as a "good man," but others thought he was a deceiver. The discussions, however, took place in private groups, and probably with lowered voices. The people knew the authorities were seeking Jesus among the festive throngs, and they dared not speak openly of him.

It was during the middle of the week that Jesus, who had entered the

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

"Mary, thou hath chosen that good part"
Painting by Hermann Seegar.

'city without notice or fanfare, made his appearance in the temple and began to preach.

We can only imagine the marvelous discourse the Savior must have given at this time, in his Father's holy house, among both friends and enemies, and with a knowledge that such opportunities would soon be past. When the "Jews" marveled and asked "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"* Jesus answered, "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

*Scriptural references in this article are from Luke 10, 11, 12, 13; John 7, 8, 9, and 10.

Then came a question which must have startled many people. "Why go ye about to kill me?" Jesus bluntly asked.

Naturally the Jews denied having any such intention.

Jesus then rebuked his enemies for criticizing him for healing on the Sabbath, pointing out that according to the law of Moses certain things could be done. "Judge not according to the appearance," he said, "but judge righteous judgment."

Many of the people marveled at these words. How could a man whose life was being sought by Jewish leaders dare to be so bold in his speech? "Ye both know me, and ye know whence I am:" Jesus declared, "and I am not come of myself, but he that sent me is true, whom ye know not.

"But I know him: for I am from him, and he hath sent me."

"Blasphemy," cried the enemies of the Lord! And right in the holy temple as well.

Immediately the Jewish leaders sent officers to arrest him, but Jesus continued his speaking, and they stopped to listen. Although his listeners were very much impressed with what he was saying, they still disagreed as to what or who he was. Many thought that he was indeed a prophet, but others continued to raise the question, "Shall Christ come out of Galilee?"

"Hath not the scripture said, That Christ cometh of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?"

Why did not Jesus tell them he had been born in Bethlehem? Even if he had, it is likely that few would have believed him. And although he could have proved that he had been born there, it would have meant nothing. Faith is not based upon the location of a building. Conversion does not come through the establishment of one fact.

But the officers sent to take Jesus were so impressed by his words that they were afraid to lay hands on him. Why had they not carried out the orders given and brought this man to them, the chief priests and Pharisees demanded.

"Never man spake like this man," the officers explained.

This raised the ire of the Pharisees, who asked the officers if they had also been deceived. "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him?" they asked.

Among the group of Jewish leaders was Nicodemus, who had visited Jesus by night more than two years before. Some spark of belief still burned in the heart of this man, and he came to Jesus' defense to the extent of asking, "Doth our law judge any man, before it hear him, and know what he doeth?"

"Art thou also of Galilee?" they retorted. "Search, and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." Fearing that he would lose face if he professed to believe on Jesus, Nicodemus said no more. The account and the evening's activities closed when "every man went unto his own house."

The Sadducees and the Pharisees must have spent a troubled night.

(Continued on following page)

Christ and the sinful woman. Painting by Olrich.

—Photo by Camera Cils



Jesus Visits Judea

(Continued from preceding page)

They had been defied by the man from Galilee. Their own officers had failed to carry out their commands. These events probably formed the main topic of conversation throughout all of the shelters in and around Jerusalem that night.

Early the following morning Jesus was again in the temple instructing great crowds of people who came to hear him. As he was teaching, the Scribes and the Pharisees brought to him a woman who had committed a sin so grievous, that, according to the law of Moses, she should have been stoned. In this the Scribes and the Pharisees were swinging at the Savior with a two-edged sword and thought they had him trapped no matter what his answer. If he said that the law of Moses should be upheld and the woman should be stoned, they might have accused him of putting himself above the present ruling body of the Jews. According to their interpretation the law of Moses was no longer in effect, or at least it was not being obeyed. If he did not uphold the law of Moses, they then could accuse him of overruling that great law-maker.

But Jesus did not answer. Rather, he stooped down, acting as though he did not hear them at all. Then, with his finger, he wrote something upon the ground. When they persisted with their questioning, Jesus responded: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Again he wrote upon the ground.

What the Savior wrote the record does not say, but by some it is thought that he wrote the sins of those who were accusing the woman. At any rate, one by one "beginning at the eldest, even unto the last," the men slipped away and Jesus was left alone with the woman. Jesus arose and asked, "Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?"

"No man, Lord," she responded.

"Neither do I condemn thee:" the Savior said, "go, and sin no more."

Again Jesus started preaching and again the multitudes gathered around. The Pharisees and the Scribes were there listening to every word, disputing many of the things he said and trying to prove that he was wrong. Among the many great truths spoken

by the Savior on this occasion, are the following:

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

"Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."

"He that is of God heareth God's words: . . ."

"Verily, verily I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death."

Offended because Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I am," the Jews tried to stone him, but Jesus, as he had done on prior occasions, slipped away unharmed.

At the close of what seemed to have been an appointed time, the seventy whom Jesus had sent out some time earlier, returned to make their report. With joy they exclaimed, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name." Jesus reminded them that he had given them the power to do wonderful things, but they should rather rejoice "because your names are written in heaven."

Turning his eyes toward heaven, Jesus said: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

"Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see;" he said to his followers, "For I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them: and to hear those things which ye heard, and have not heard them."

On another occasion a lawyer, attempting to trap the Savior, asked, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

In answer Jesus asked, "What is written in the law?"

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself," the lawyer replied.

"Thou hast answered right;" Jesus said, "this do, and thou shalt live."

But the lawyer, still trying to trick the Lord, asked, "And who is my neighbour?" Jesus then related the story of the Good Samaritan and asked who in the parable was the neighbor of the man who fell among thieves.

"He that shewed mercy on him," the lawyer replied.

"Go, and do thou likewise," Jesus instructed.

Directly east of the Mount of Olives and but a few miles from Jerusalem is the village of Bethany. It is supposed by many that this is the city where Jesus spent many of his nights when he was visiting Jerusalem. In this village lived two sisters, Martha and Mary. Martha, who seemed to be the older of the two and the owner of the house, received Jesus into her home. Anxious to be a good host, she busied herself with preparations for the meal and making her guest comfortable in a physical way. Mary, on the other hand, sat by Jesus, listening to him explain the gospel. This naturally bothered the older sister, and she came to Jesus saying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me."

Answering, Jesus said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things:

"But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Jesus prayed often to his Heavenly Father for strength and guidance. After he had finished his prayer on one occasion, one of his disciples said, "Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples."

It was at this time that Jesus gave to us the beautiful words that remind us of the Lord's Prayer which Jesus gave as part of the Sermon on the Mount:

"... Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name,

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

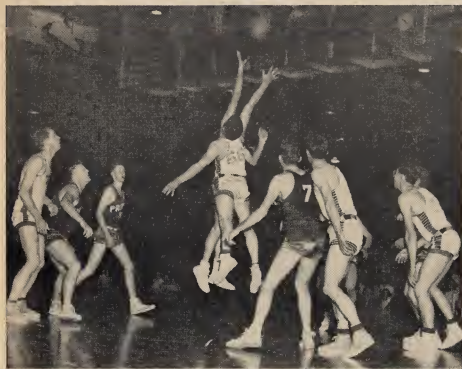
Give us day by day our daily bread.

And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil." (Luke 11:2-4.)

"Ask, and it shall be given you"; Jesus advised, "seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He explained that a father when his son asked for bread would not give him a stone, nor a serpent when he asked for fish, nor a scorpion instead of an egg.

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



What Basketball Means To Me

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Yearly, when the leaves start turning, when tennis, golf, swimming, fishing—all those summer joys—begin to fade, countless athletes take to the hardwood floors, the hoops, and the swishing nets—time for basketball, one of the great international sports.

Within the next few weeks the all-Church basketball league (approximately 25,000 players) will rumble into action—the largest basketball league in the world, dedicated not only to fostering expert ball handlers, but also outstanding young men who obey sportsmanship's highest code.

Last season, to determine how well the program achieves this latter goal, tournament finalists from 2406 senior and junior M Men teams, at Provo and Logan, were requested to ponder a significant thought: "What the Church Athletic Program has Done for Me."

Following are the winning essays from both divisions, along with excerpts from several additional entries—words to contemplate for the competition ahead:

Elder Marion D. Hanks chats with some ball players and their coach.

A whistle, a toss-up, and a championship basketball game has begun.

SENIOR WINNER

The average American is a conglomeration of many elements of the society we enjoy in this blessed land. The world of sports, in my opinion, is one of the very important ingredients that goes into this "Average American." The athletic program of the LDS Church is a great contribution to the American way of life.

Some 17 years ago a youngster of 10 years was introduced to the world of sports, which was to play a varied and important part in his life. His father started taking him to basketball games, where he not only learned of the game—its rules, sportsmanship, and excitement—but this activity became the medium which created the unparalleled joy of close association between father and son.

As this boy grew older, the love of sports grew deeper within him. At the age of thirteen, when the dreamy aspirations of a young boy to star in some phase of athletics nearly reality, he was stricken with polio. The intense pain lasted only a few days, then the worst phase of this disease hit—complete paralysis.

It seemed for many months that this was the final result of those dreams and aspirations. Instead, it was only the beginning. Through hours and hours of practice with a basketball, very slowly and laboriously, at first on the back-yard hoop, and then in the years to follow by limited participation in the many athletic programs of the Church, this young man was able to regain a greater degree of his physical strength and muscular co-ordination than his parents and doctor ever thought possible.

During the years that followed, this young man gained many other experiences through his association with sports. One of the most gratifying and practical came while he was serving a mission for the Church. The town in which he labored was unreceptive until he and his companion joined a civic basketball league and displayed what they had learned in the programs of the Church. Then miracles happened and doors opened to the "Mormon preacher basketball players."

Upon returning from his mission,

he was privileged to coach an Explorer team to a division championship, and in doing so enjoy the thrill of helping and watching other boys overcome problems, find happiness, through competing in the world of sports.

Seventeen years have passed since this young man was introduced to the world of sports by his father. Recently, he and his wife moved to a new ward where once again an athletic program of the Church has contributed a cherished page to his book of life. This time it proved to be the deeply appreciated and valuable means of securing the priceless treasure of humble, good, and true friendships.

This is what the athletic program of the Church has done for me.

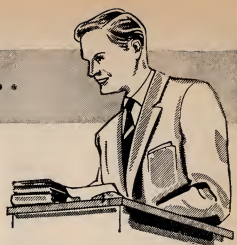
Mac L. Hansen
Salt Lake City

JUNIOR WINNER

AURORA is a small town of about 600 people.

It is too small for a theater, and there is no café or any entertainment centers that the larger towns offer, such as roller skating, bowling, etc. So, there is not much

(Continued on page 736)



“Am I My Brother’s Keeper?”*

Nearly everyone in the Church is called upon occasionally to give an inspirational talk—in Sacrament meetings, leadership meetings, firesides, or funerals, at MIA, at seminary, at Sunday School. Finding suitable ideas and helpful quotations is sometimes a problem. Through this new department, which will be a regular feature of the ERA, ideas, suggestions, and gems for your speech will be given. We hope they will prove useful to you. The Editors.

- A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city.
—Proverbs 18:19.
- He that hath no brother hath weak legs.
—Persian proverb.
- Brothers quarrel like thieves inside a house, but outside their swords leap out in each other’s defense.
—Japanese proverb.
- Bare is his back who bears no brother.
—Scandinavian proverb.
- Write me as one that loves his fellow men.
—Leigh Hunt,
“Abou Ben Adhem.”
- The crest and crowning of all good,
Life’s final star, is Brotherhood.
—Edwin Markham,
“Brotherhood.”
- Whoever degrades another degrades me,
And whatever is done or said returns at last to me.
—Walt Whitman,
“Song of Myself.”
- The time shall come
When man to man shall be a friend and brother.
—Gerald Massey,
“Hope On, Hope Ever.”
- We two form a multitude.
—Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Bk. i, 160.
- Heav’n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend
Bids each on other for assistance call
Till one man’s weakness grows the strength of all.
—Alexander Pope, “Essay on Man.”
- Down in their hearts, wise men know this truth: the only way to help yourself is to help others.
—Elbert Hubbard.
- A brother is a friend given by nature.
—Legouvé, “Maximes.”
- I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.
—Edmund Gosse,
“Lying in the Grass.”
- It is through fraternity that liberty is saved.
—Victor Hugo.
- Infinite is the help man can yield to man.
—Carlyle.
- Man, man, is thy brother, and thy father is God.
—Lamartine.
- . . . let every man esteem his brother as himself, and practise virtue and holiness before me.
And again I say unto you, let every man esteem his brother as himself.
—Doctrine and Covenants 38:24-25.
- A new commandment I give unto you,
That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.
—John 13:34.

*Genesis 4:9.

The Utility Of Opposition*

by President Anthony W. Ivins

AND GOD SAID, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

"And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." (Gen. 1:26-28.)

The first direct command given by the Lord to man, whom he had created, is suggestive of opposition. To subdue is to conquer and bring permanent subjection, either by superior force, or to prevail over by kindness, persuasion, or other mild methods, but by whatever means accomplished, to subdue is to bring under complete subjugation.

That the agencies acted upon would be in opposition to those acting is obvious, otherwise there would be nothing to subdue.

The Lord again said to Adam: "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life;

"Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . . ." (*Ibid.*, 3:17-19.)

Thorns and thistles, noxious weeds and plants are the spontaneous products of the earth. Generally speaking they produce no fruit to

satisfy the hunger of man; no material to clothe his body. If desirable plants exist, where the intelligence of man has not been applied, a constant war is waged upon them by these evil and worthless weeds and shrubs, and they exist, if at all, only by constant struggle and warfare.

This law of contrasts applies to the earth, and all created things which are upon it. Man himself is a dual personality, subject to one or the other of two forces, each of which is striving for the mastery. One of these two conflicting influences is constantly striving to lead man on to higher ideals; the other, exercising the contrary influence. In contrast to day, the light of which is so necessary to our welfare which we love so dearly, we have night, whose shadows bring a feeling of depression, a time when the powers of darkness appear to hold sway. In contrast to the cheer and blessing of sunshine we have clouds and storm. While in the enjoyment of health, our temporal requirements provided for, with nothing to mar our happiness or peace, we may be stricken down by sickness or accident, our substance may vanish, and we are in dire distress and sorrow, as was Job when so bereft. We love and cherish life, and deplore and fight against

death; but, in spite of our opposition to it, we know that sometime it will come to us and those we love—that eyes which beamed with the intelligence of God will become dim, lips which spoke love and hope will be stilled, and hearts which pulsed with emotions of affection and trust will cease to beat.

Why are we in this world of contrasts? Why this constant struggle between good and evil, between that which is most desirable, and that which we wish to avoid, but which is constantly pursuing us? This is the answer:

"And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels,

"And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven.

"And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." (Rev. 12:7-9.)

"And this we saw also, and bear record, that an angel of God who was in authority in the presence of God, who rebelled against the Only Begotten Son whom the Father loved and who was in the bosom of the Father, was thrust down from the presence of God and the Son,

"And was called Perdition, for the heavens wept over him—he was Lucifer, a son of the morning." (D & C 76:25-26.)

Having been cast down to earth, Lucifer and the rebellious spirits who were cast out with him have exercised all of the power with which they are possessed to gain and maintain control over it. His is the power which is constantly exercised to obstruct the work of the Lord, to pervert the truth. He is the father of lies, he loves darkness rather than light, glories in war, famine, and the distress of the human family, and is the author of death, which came to us through the transgression of our first parents, who yielded to his temptation. His power has been exercised from the beginning to thwart the purpose of the Almighty.

He exercised all of his subtle wiles to delude and lead away the Redeemer, that he might nullify the great mission which Jesus came to perform. With the ushering in of the present gospel dispensation his power

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*FROM THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, 26:983ff (September 1923).



—Photos by Religious News Service

To Be a KING PART VII

by *Hugh J. Cannon*

A FORMER EDITOR OF THE ERA

SYNOPSIS

David, a descendant of John Hyrcanus, the founder of the Jewish monarchy, is a pretender to the throne now held by Herod Antipas. Events have progressed until David feels that the throne is within his grasp. But there is a cloud affecting David's happiness. He is following a Nazarene carpenter whom he believes to be the promised Messiah. His closest associates, including the girl Ruth, see nothing in this Teacher.

DAVID PERSISTED, "Have you ever seen this carpenter of Nazareth, whom you call by these harsh names?"

"I have," said Zebulon, who with some of the others had drawn nearer. "I have seen and spoken to him and fail to see anything remarkable in his appearance. He is a quiet-voiced hypocrite who is not even clever in his claims, but who wins followers by his assumed piety and meekness."

"That quiet voice is destined to reverberate throughout the world," replied David in a voice which commanded attention. "For reasons unknown to us, this man appears in

poverty and associates with the down-trodden of the earth; but in place of meekness you will yet behold in this maligned one the glory and power of the promised Messiah."

"So we have a prophet among us!" exclaimed Zebulon. He made no effort to conceal his exultation in the fact that David was not faring well in popular opinion, and, emboldened by the security which this situation imparted, he shouted maliciously:

"All hail to our new prophet!"

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Eastern tongue of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom.

"I might have expected insults from you, Zebulon," said David with suppressed anger. "Gentlemen, I lay no claim to prophetic gifts and had no thoughts of saying what I did, though every word of it is true. This man whom you revile is the promised Messiah, the Son of God, come to save the world! With all my soul I bear witness to his divinity. On that point there is no uncertainty in my mind."

"Are you deranged, David?" asked the shocked Elihu. "Have you really become a follower of this man?"

"I have not, and on that point I am still groping for light. While recognizing the divinity in him, I am still too blind to see clearly my own duty."

"Are your faculties then so much more acute than ours?" persisted Zebulon. "There are several of us who have seen this fellow, who saw him when you were kneeling at his feet, and we hesitate not in pronouncing him a base impostor."

"That is one of the insoluble mysteries of the man," David replied. "I have not been able to explain it to my own satisfaction and could not hope to do so to yours. On one occasion two brothers, externally almost identical, listened to his parables. I

David arose and prepared to leave. "As to my position, gentlemen, I shall make it clear to anyone of you who cares for information. And though myself woefully ignorant, I am willing to explain, as far as my ability goes, the pretensions of the man whom we have discussed; but Zebulon seems bent on quarreling with me, and it is useless to bandy words with him."

"David admits he is a believer in this low impostor," said a member of the group, "and that makes him deserving of no sympathy."

"Yes, David merits a severe rebuke. Think of an intelligent man asserting that this carpenter is the promised Messiah! One who makes such a statement is either playing a part or raving," said another, and this sentiment met with marked approval.

Zebulon needed but this much encouragement to throw him into a fury. He approached David and fairly screamed: "I will trample you into the dust; I will wipe my feet upon you; yes, and I will yet spit upon you! It is my turn now to prophesy: You will lose your good name, your position, and will belong to the unclean rabble. Ruth will turn from you, and I shall win her, and then after this fraudulent Messiah has robbed you of your wealth, I will not permit her even to throw you a crust when you come as a beggar to our door."

The mention of Ruth by this man was too much for the overwrought David. He struck his adversary full in the face with all his strength, and Zebulon fell with a crash. Several of those present assisted him to his feet while others started toward David, but his look restrained them. He would have fought the whole world at the moment either with his hands or by word, and all present knew it, though he did not open his lips.

From a safe distance Zebulon, as soon as he could get his breath, uttered frightful oaths, and shaking with fear and impotent rage, screamed:

"You dog, I will kill you for this!"

"No, Zebulon, you have neither strength nor courage enough to kill me. Up to a certain point perhaps I can endure the insults you hurl at me personally, but do not let me hear you corrupt that pure girl's name with your impure lips or I shall not answer for the consequences."

Turning sadly to the other officials, he said, "Gentlemen, not long since

an apology for avenging a flagrant insult such as has been offered me would not have been expected. Now conditions have changed, and I must and do apologize, not for chastising this wretch, but for doing it in anger and in your presence. That no embarrassment may come to you because of my act, I shall, of course, resign from my position."

"My boy," interrupted the dismayed Elihu, "abjure this dreadful belief before it is too late, for my sake, for Ruth's, for the sake of the honored name you bear and the position you hold. Do you not see where it is leading you?"

David winced. The appeal cut into his heart. This loyal and affectionate old man had no thought except to shield him from disaster.

"Father Elihu, do not make it harder for me than it now is by your appeals, which touch the tenderest part of my being. You know how dearly I have loved those in whose names you supplicate me, how much my position has meant, and how I have endeavored to fill it creditably."

"Yes, I know all that."

"Then you can measurably comprehend the nature of the force which impels me to relinquish these honors. Do you think, Father Elihu, and you, gentlemen, that I can, without a struggle, leave you and my honored place among you to cast my lot, if I decide to go so far, with an uncultured crowd of fishermen? Let me assure you it has been a terrible conflict and one which I have even yet not wholly conquered."

"Then why do it?" asked Elihu.

"Because, and I feel the utmost solemnity in saying it, God has communed with my soul—not audibly, one could scarcely say his whispered assurance was distinct—and told me that this malignant Nazarene is Jesus the Christ, his Begotten Son."

The listeners were awed by the power accompanying his declaration. The old man broke the silence.

"You say it has required a struggle to relinquish your friends and position; then why relinquish them? We are willing for you to retain your place among us, are we not, gentlemen? You can believe as you please, but be more circumspect in your conduct and utterances. We are your friends and love you. We desire you

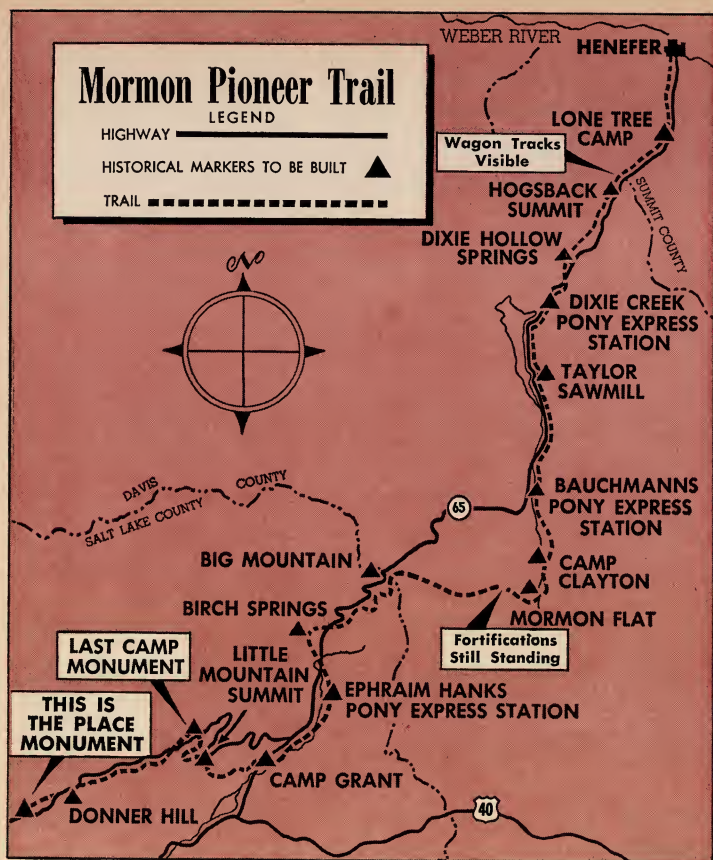
(Continued on page 738)



The Jordan River

met them as they were leaving his presence and since have conversed with them at length. One would give all he possesses, even life, for the Nazarene. The other would take from the Nazarene all he possesses and even his life if he dared—passionate love in one heart, intolerant hate in the other, awakened by listening to the same words. Thus strangely does this singular man affect people."

"The reason for that is simple," interjected Zebulon. "Fortunately for the world, all men are not fools."



FOLLOWING THE PIONEER TRAIL

by William B. Smart

OF THE DESERET NEWS STAFF
AND YMMIA GENERAL BOARD MEMBER

OVER THE ROCKY sidehills, brush-choked streams, and steep, timbered passes struggled the Donner Party in 1846 on its way to stark tragedy. Over the same ground—with one dramatic exception that meant the difference between life and death—followed Brigham Young and the Mormon pioneers of 1847. Over it for the next twenty years

came the wagons, handcarts, and pack trains of the men and women who built the West—the Pony Express riders, ruffians, gold seekers, Johnston's Army, and especially the faithful men and women called to gather in Zion.

You can drive where these men walked—over the thirty-six-mile last leg of the old Mormon Trail, the

dreaded crossing of the Wasatch. Here was the baiting of a deathtrap to some, the culmination of long dreaming, incredible effort, and unshakable faith to others. To many today, it is the scene of a recommittal to old ideals that are more important than ever in these times.

Land has a way of keeping its character. Close your eyes to the

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road just behind you and the jet plane high overhead and the trail is still there, just about as the Pioneers carved it. Listen back a hundred years to the creaking of wagon wheels, the hoarse cries of the teamsters, the lowing of cattle, and history is all around you.

How did it start? How did a pioneer trail happen to be hacked through such unlikely country in the first place? An easy afternoon will help you who live in or visit Salt Lake City to know—an hour to Henefer over fine highways through Weber Canyon or by way of Echo Junction, then maybe two hours of browsing in history on the trail itself. The road is graded and perfectly safe—except in wet weather—and is paved the last half of the trip. Monuments, some fifteen of them, being erected by LDS Explorers at important historical sites along the trail will help tell the story.

Until the summer of 1846, emigrants to California followed the Oregon Trail to Fort Bridger, then swung northwest to Fort Hall, later southwest in a great arc to the Humboldt River in Nevada, afterward west across Nevada, over the Sierras and into the Sacramento Valley. The route entirely avoided the forbidding Wasatch and the Great Salt Lake Desert.

In 1846 a colorful, controversial character named Lansford Hastings came by horseback from Sacramento straight across the salt flats, around the south end of Great Salt Lake, up over Big Mountain to the site of the present Henefer, and on east to Fort Bridger. He was a man of more enthusiasm than common sense. He forgot, or overlooked, the fact that where a horse can go a wagon cannot necessarily follow. But he was persuasive. His success in talking a number of parties into leaving the old Oregon Trail at Fort Bridger and following the "Hastings Cutoff" through Salt Lake Valley led to the unparalleled horror of the Donner Party. But it also cut the first wagon tracks through the Wasatch.

Those tracks followed down the Weber River to the site of Henefer. There, the Donner Party found a note left in the sagebrush by Hastings, warning them against trying to go through Devil's Gate on the lower Weber. If they would send ahead for him, Hastings wrote, he would

return and show them a new route through the mountains.

They did send ahead. In an exhausting two-day ride, James Reed and two companions caught up with Hastings near what is now Tooele. Together, Hastings and Reed rode back up to the summit of Big Mountain. And there, Hastings pointed out the canyons and passes of what became the Pioneer Trail.

The die was cast. The sixteen days the Donner Party spent struggling over those thirty-six miles cost the lives of almost half the eighty-seven men, women, and children when snow trapped them later in the Sierras.

And so here at Henefer the real crossing of the Wasatch began. Here a year later, July 16, 1847, the Mor-

cerned; only a few wagons having passed here a year ago, and the grass having grown up, leaving scarcely a trace. I followed this trail about 6 miles up a ravine to where it attained the dividing ridge leading down into another ravine, in a southerly direction. . . . We concluded to send Mr. [Porter] Rockwell back, to report to the other portion of the pioneers that we had found the new route which we had anticipated would be troublesome to find.

The present road follows the original trail closely. It's an easy grade, giving no hint of the difficulties ahead. Three and a half miles from Henefer was the Lone Tree Camp, the first campsite after leaving the Weber. Here, in what is now a grove of trees, the advance party built a rude bridge across the small stream for the benefit of others to follow. William Clayton in his fascinating

Explorer Scouts in front of This Is the Place monument after they had walked and pushed handcart 36 miles from Henefer over old Pioneer Trail. Left to right: Kim Johnson, Calvin Waters, leader, Bob Greenwell, and Pharol Beasley.



mon Pioneers found the place where the Donner Party had started on the new trail. Orson Pratt's journal records how the discovery was made:

. . . Mr. [Stephen] Markham, with one or two others, had gone up the river on the right bank in search of Reid's [Donner] trail across the mountains. . . . Mr. [John] Brown and I also went in search, travelling along the bluffs on the south. We soon struck the trail, although so dimly seen that it only now and then could be dis-

Latter-day Saints Emigrants' Guide from Council Bluffs to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake says of this spot, "Not a bad place to camp." You will not quarrel with his judgment.

Two and a half miles more up the ravine is the summit of Hogsback Ridge. Here the Donners, the Mormon Pioneers, and all of those who followed, including today's motorist,

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THE “P” FORMULA FOR SUCCESS

by Elder Sterling W. Sill

ASSISTANT TO THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

MOST OF SUCCESS is a matter of following a formula. Science is merely a collection of success prescriptions. Good businessmen also have definite standards and rules to direct them to accomplishment. A good cook works from a book of recipes. If she follows the directions on page three, she gets one kind of cake. When she goes by the formula on page four, she gets a different kind of cake. Success in church work or in any other field may be brought about by following a “recipe” or “prescription.”

When one has a great responsibility, it is a very helpful thing to have the guidance of a tested and proven formula for success; for example, after Alexander the Great had finished conquering the world, he wanted to become an orator like his teacher, Aristotle. Accordingly, Aristotle wrote out for him the Laws of Oratory. They are sixteen in number,

and they are still available. If you want to be a great orator, do these sixteen things.

Success is just that simple. If you do sixteen (or six) other things, you will be a great farmer, or a great teacher, or a great church worker. It is as easy as that. If you follow the formula, you can't miss.

In ordinary situations we “multiply the dimensions” to get the total volume. That is also a good way to measure our effectiveness in the work of the Lord. Following is the “P” Formula for Success in church work. Just multiply together your personal score under each “P” and you can determine the value of your total accomplishment.

$$P \times P \times P \times P \times P \times P = P P$$

Planning x Preparation x Personal Work x Persistence x Presentation x Personality = Perfect Performance

Now suppose that you rate yourself in each factor, giving yourself a score between zero and 10; for example, suppose that last year you rated 3 in each item. Three multiplied six times gives you a total score of 729. Then suppose that this year you increase your effectiveness $33\frac{1}{3}$ percent to a total of 4. Multiply your 4's, and you find an amazing thing. While you have increased each of the dimensions by only $33\frac{1}{3}$ percent, the total has been increased over 500 percent; that is, if you make your personality more effective, it automatically increases the quality of your presentation, personal work, preparation, and planning. It is the same with each of the other items. Now what is your goal to be for next year? Write it in the space provided below.

We should be certain that none of these important ingredients are missing, for “success” in or out of church work is *not* like a cafeteria where you take what you please and leave what

	Planning x	Preparation x	Personal Work x	Persistence x	Presentation x	Personality x	=	Score
Last Year	3	3	3	3	3	3	=	729
This Year	4	4	4	4	4	4	=	4,096

Your Goal

you don't want. In church success, you don't say, I will take the welfare program and temple marriage, but I won't take repentance, ward teaching, or Sacrament meeting. Success is like baseball. You must touch all of the bases or nothing counts. If you leave out "planning," for example, you are like the baseball player who doesn't touch first base. Even when you die on third, nothing is counted. See for yourself how it works in the formula when you have a zero under one heading. Suppose you get a score of "4" in everything except your presentation. The arithmetic is as follows:

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \times 4 = 16 \\ 16 \times 4 = 64 \\ 64 \times 4 = 256 \\ 256 \times 0 = 0 \\ 0 \times 4 = 0 \end{array}$$

Often someone is discussed for an important position in the Church who has many wonderful traits but is short in some necessary qualities which may totally disqualify him; that is, he doesn't "prepare," or he isn't organized, or he won't do his planning. He is a good man—but. It is the *buts* that get us into trouble. We can't improve our circumstances until we improve ourselves.

Suppose we consider these ingredients of success one at a time.

I—PLANNING

The highest paid man in the army is the planner. The architect lays out on paper every detail of his building before any work is started. The First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve spend much of their time planning. No stake presidency or bishopric will ever get very far without regular, well-directed planning meetings. And yet we often have a failure among otherwise good men because an elders quorum presidency, or an auxiliary head, or a deacons quorum presidency has never learned how to plan and organize and co-ordinate their ideas and their efforts.

Suppose that I am a deacons quorum adviser, and I have the deacons quorum presidency to a meeting in my home on Thursday night (when my wife makes lemonade) while we learn how to "plan." That is, we make up a written agenda for next week's meeting, so that the president can conduct the quorum's affairs with confidence, effectiveness, and dignity. We can learn how to think our problems through and get the right answer.

Each member of the group makes his contribution to the whole, and everyone's ideas are tested by the group.

Here are some sample questions for consideration: How can quorum meetings be made more effective? What was wrong with the previous meeting? Why is our record of activity low, and what can be done about it? What "outside" work should be done during the week? How can the quorum members be helped individually? A part of an idea given expression by one member of the presidency may be improved by number two and matured by number three. Then it can be put in force by the unit.

All success must depend on planning. "Planning is where man shows himself most like God." The church leader who knows, or will take the time to learn, how to plan and organize his work effectively, has a big head start toward his objective—success.

II—PREPARATION

Abraham Lincoln said, "I will prepare now and take my chances when the opportunity arrives." Preparation for effective church work should be a combination of mental preparation, physical preparation, spiritual preparation, and emotional preparation. The first proposition of preparation is that everything worth while is bought by labor. There must be industry and study and drill before we get full possession of success.

Many people are just not ready for success. They are not prepared for success. They have not earned success. They must be willing to pay the price of success. The personality needs an emotional generator to set industry going. People need to develop a mental hunger for success. They need to get excited about success. Emotional preparation is the torch applied to the train of powder that gets the thing started.

There also must be a spiritual preparation. It takes an inspired man to get the best from an inspired book. There must be an inspired teacher if you would have inspired students. Uninspired students don't get what they should from church because they haven't anything to get it in. For every event and every accomplishment, there must be adequate preparation of officers, teachers, and students. One great teacher spends eight

hours of preparation for each hour of class work. If a person can prepare in five minutes, he may find that his accomplishment is in proportion.

III—PERSONAL WORK

One of the most valuable secrets of success in church work, the one thing that can be done that will help more than almost any other single thing, is sufficient, effective, personal, individual work with those for whom we have responsibility. The greatest leader is the one who gets the most and the best work done, and many of the most important problems can only be solved on a personal, individual face-to-face basis. If you want to get a bucket of milk into a dozen milk bottles, the best way to accomplishment is *not* to throw the bucket at all of the bottles. You will accomplish the job more quickly and satisfactorily if you fill each one individually. That is also the most effective way to do church work.

One of the most worth-while abilities in the world is to be an expert in this work of individual, personal contact. This also requires effort. "There is no excellence without labor." Thomas A. Edison's success formula of ninety-nine percent perspiration and one percent inspiration is still right up-to-date. Someone said you can't be "inspiring" without "perspiring." Perspiration is another helpful "P" that we should put into our program. Next to our belief in God should be our belief in work.

IV—PERSISTENCE

Many people are licked before they start because they lack stick-to-it-iveness. They won't pay the price of success. They lose interest quickly. When their first enterprises miscarry, they lose heart and quit. People who lack persistence tire easily. They are unable to supply their own motivation. Such are always starting and stopping without finishing what is started. It is easy to become a spiritual ne'er-do-well who is always jumping from one thing to another without taking time to do anything well. It takes six times as much energy to get a flywheel started as it does to keep it going once momentum has been established. It is the same with our success. The one with persistence is the one who achieves.

(Concluded on page 734)

On the Bookrack

THE EVERLASTING THINGS

(Richard L. Evans, Harper & Bros., New York. 1957. 255 pages. \$3.00.)

THE CALM, the peace, the courage that have permeated "The Spoken Word" over CBS Radio for "well over a quarter of a century," find permanence in this book. Even the quiet but eloquent voice of the commentator echoes in this collection of his Sunday morning broadcasts. This volume is the seventh in an ever-popular series of Richard L. Evan's penetrating and pertinent observations on life and the facets of living.

In this volume such provocative sections as the following challenge each reader to better evaluation of his own philosophy: On Belonging to a Family, As Parents and Children Come to Common Ground, The Courage to Carry Responsibility, The Gospel of Work, Youth and Some Searching Decisions, We Turn to Happiness, On Getting along with People, An Approach to the Safety Problem, Pride—and Popularity—and Principle, What about Freedom? The Swift Traveling of Time, Problems, Sorrows, and Decisions, Homecoming for the whole Human Family, Light and Learning—and the Everlasting Things, Special Days.

This book is one that should find a welcome place in every library—for stimulation and encouragement as well as for challenging thought.—M. C. J.

FAMILY COURAGEOUS

(Louise Larsen Fisher, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1957. 159 pages. \$2.00.)

REFRESHINGLY delightful, this story of the pioneering of the Uintah Basin by the Larsens affords pleasant reading for all members of the family. C. C. Larsen, himself a convert to the Church from Denmark, experimented in many kinds of activity—together with his "three-in-one" family who numbered seventeen. Their ventures took them into the basin shortly after the United States government had released some of the land from the Indian reservation.

The Larsens pioneered in this new area, and the experiences they had were rare and amusing. The book proves challenging reading as well—for each child in this large family was wanted and needed in order to "wax" strong in God's kingdom.—M. C. J.

THE HEART OF TIMPANOGOS

(Edward R. Tuttle, 231 East 8th South, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1957. 45 pages. \$1.00.)

THE LEGEND of Timpanogos has been written in verse by the author whose love for Utah and things Utahn may be surmised from the fact that he helped organize and became a charter member of the Salt Lake Chapter, League of Utah Writers. He has served faithfully and well as an officer of both the Salt Lake Chapter and of the state organization, which now consists of five chapters of which he is now state president.

His previous publication, in addition to many contributions that have appeared in periodicals, is a book of poetry titled *Fiddlestrings*.

This book, beautifully published, should make a welcome gift book. —M. C. J.

ELIZABETH

(Frances Winwar. World Publishing Company, New York. 1957. 249 pages. \$3.00.)

THIS BIOGRAPHY of Elizabeth Barrett Browning for young folk from twelve years up will find many adult readers interested in it. Frances Winwar is one of our more talented biographers—both for adults as well as for young people. Adults who enjoy *Elizabeth* will wish to read the biography *The Immortal Lovers*—to add to their knowledge of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. Into this biography the author has woven the tender love story of Robert and Elizabeth as well as an unusual introduction to the Italian countryside where they spent so much of their married life. From this volume it will be an easy span to encourage the reading of the poetry of these two truly gifted people.—M. C. J.

THE RED HILLS OF NOVEMBER

(Andrew Karl Larson, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City. 1957. 330 pages. \$5.00.)

THE DELIGHTFUL title of this book derives from a poem written by George A. Hicks, in 1864, and is indicative of the delight in store for the reader. The author states that for fifteen years he has been studying and gathering material for this volume. The results justify the long painstaking research, for the book

is well-executed and well-written as well as being definitive. It is the kind of source book that should form the basis of the literature that will one day be written about these early-day settlers who carried the Church to the remote corners of the western lands.—M. C. J.

TRAVELER IN THE WILDERNESS

(Cid Ricketts Sumner. Harper & Bros., New York. 1957. 248 pages. \$3.50.)

WITH THE quoted line on the cover, "sixty-four is the right age for adventure," the reader is plunged into the activities of this woman—a writer whose book *Tammy Out of Time* became the current film success, *Tammy and the Bachelor*. That Cid was naive may be gleaned from the fact that when she was asked if she would like to see the Dinosaur National Monument, responded, "What? Is there really a national monument to Dinah Shore?" But naive as she was she became a successful river runner—mothering seven men who set out in rubber boats at Green River, Wyoming, ended at Marble Canyon, Arizona, covering Utah in between. A delightful, satisfying book, it affords good armchair adventure.—M. C. J.

THE EDGE OF APRIL

(A Biography of John Burroughs. Hildeward Swift. Wm. Morrow & Co., New York. 1957. 316 pages. \$3.95.)

THIS BIOGRAPHY is written primarily for young folk, but older readers will find it most enjoyable too. John Burroughs, a naturalist of the first water, deserves to be more widely known than he is. As the author states, as a young lad John Burroughs was a "noticing child." As he grew, his eyes saw more and more of the nature about him and about those who lived in the area of his home. But the book serves to make all of its readers more alert to the nature about them—wherever they may live or whatever that nature may be.

Into the story of John Burroughs is woven something of the stories of two other men: Walt Whitman and President Abraham Lincoln. Added to the

(Concluded on page 734)



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The "P" Formula

(Concluded from page 731)

Effectiveness is usually not acquired overnight. The great British prime minister Disraeli described genius as "the power to make continuous effort." That almost guarantees success singlehanded. Calvin Coolidge said: "Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent."

V—PRESENTATION

Skills come largely from drill. A great actor or a great speaker or a great musician is constantly perfecting his presentation by drill and study and correction and then more practice. Isn't it just as important to be effective in our efforts to save the souls of the children of our Father in heaven? Then we must learn to make an interesting presentation of our ideas. We not only need a mastery of ideas and a knowledge of the gospel, but we also need a mastery of the techniques of an effective presentation. We need enrichment material. We need proper content and sequence and logic and reason and persuasion to make the presentation effective. This only comes by drill, practice, rehearsal, and study.

A woman, after admiring the music of a great violinist, said, "I would give half my life to be able to play like that." He replied, "Madam, that is exactly what I have given." And that is exactly what everyone must give. Nothing is more common than someone who wants to give half of his life to become a great violinist, but who won't take a violin lesson. Skill is not something that comes merely by wishing or by asking God to give it to us, without effort. Sometimes we imagine we are praying when we are only begging. We must learn to play the game according to the rule that God has established, and one who wishes to be a great artist of speech must make his presentation memorable and alive. God will not excuse our incompetence by the lazy untruth of, "I am not qualified."

VI—PERSONALITY

It has been said that in nature there are 102 elements. There are hydrogen, carbon, iron, oxygen, and others. These are nature's building blocks. Out of these, in the right combinations and proportions, nature may fashion any of the material things of the world. In human personality there are 51 elements. There are kindness, friendliness, faith, courage, industry, humility, determination, enthusiasm, understanding, spirituality, devotion, dependability, love, etc. These are the attributes of God him-

self. Mix them together in the right combinations and proportions and you have what someone has called "a magnificent human being."

The human personality is the instrument through which all of the work of the Church is done. It influences and determines every other thing. Personality is what we are. It determines our power and accomplishment. Suppose that we were "personality chemists" and could analyze great leaders in the test tube or look at them under a microscope and find out what makes them effective. Pick out the success qualities in the life of Jesus. If we can identify greatness we can reproduce it in our own lives.

We have heard of the ABC's of success. Here is a postgraduate course of P's. The letter "P" is a wonderful letter. It not only stands for priesthood, but it also stands for perfection and power and purity and prayer and punctuality. These are attributes of God himself with which he has also endowed us. These, multiplied together, give us success.

All great words do not begin with "P." LUCK is a great word which does not begin with "P," but notice how it is improved if you add a "P" to it. It now becomes PLUCK.

The three R's are wonderful, but the six P's will guarantee our leadership; so watch your P's, and you cannot miss.

On the Bookrack

(Concluded from page 732)

interest engendered by John Burroughs, the lives of these two other great men enhance that interest through their interaction with his life.—M. C. J.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

(Richard Hall, Eugene P. Beitler, in association with Dr. Francis Carr Stifter. Lippincott, New York. 1957. 255 pages. \$2.95.)

A book that will impress its readers enough that they will turn to the Bible as a book that deserves to be put into their hands. This volume is that kind of book because it sends the readers back to the Bible itself to learn from the Book of Books the great messages and the stirring biographies of those who followed the teachings found therein.

Although many readers of the Bible

may feel that they do not want to read such a book, they will find additional enlightenment and encouragement to

continue in their study of the Bible in this unusual and challenging volume.

—M. C. J.



HOME WORK

(Thelma Brown Ireland. Chapman & Grimes, Inc. 63 pages. \$2.50.)

READERS of THE ERA will be pleased to note that a frequent contributor and a popular poet has this handy volume of clever poetry available. One of her poems will indicate the freshness of her approach. Titled "Joy," it reads:

You'll find there is nothing
That's quite as much fun
As when one is darning
To find a sock done.

We recommend this for a tonic to be taken daily in generous doses.—M. C. J.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Mondays at 7 p.m.

What Basketball Means To Me

(Continued from page 723)

offered to young people. It has been said that idle hands and an idle mind are the devil's workmen and workshop. This is where the Church and basketball come in. A few years back our ward erected a nice recreational center where we can go and play ball almost anytime. Everyone in Aurora enjoys basketball, and everyone has a good time at the gym. This I think adds a lot because it gives us a place to enjoy ourselves and at the same time keeps us out of mischief.

Competition in the high school is rough, and many are turned away from the team. Three towns attend North Sevier High, and ten men are allowed on the high school team. In the three towns there are five wards, so with ten on each team, fifty more boys can compete and enjoy basketball which otherwise would not be available if it wasn't for the Church and its athletic program.

It has, to me, meant even more than just playing basketball. It has made me more active in the Church, and by doing so has increased my spiritual knowledge which will play a great part in my later life.

I would like to thank everyone who has made this tournament possible.

Verr Don Durfee
Aurora, Utah

EXCERPTS

AFTER PARTICIPATING in every competitive sport offered in high school and playing collegiate football for four years, it was necessary for me to become a part of the Church program of spiritualized recreation before I learned the true value of sportsmanship.

The wonderful feeling that comes in that moment of prayer before the game begins was never felt in the sports activity of high school and college. The opportunity to participate with team-mates who have the same ideals and equal respect of things of a spiritual as well as physical nature has made the participation in all recreation a thing of real worth.

Kent E. Myers
Cedar City, Utah

THE TRUE VALUE of the program comes when a player learns to control his emotions under such disagreeable conditions as when he gets an elbow in his ribs or the referee makes a bad call. When a player can go up to his opponent and congratulate him for playing a good game, and be sincere about it, he has gained something of value.

Kerry Gee
Sugar City, Idaho

AT ONE time we had two fellows playing that were not members of the Church. They attended our meetings and found something in our Church they had been looking for. Both are members now, holding the priesthood and holding high positions in the ward.

Pvt. George A. McKellar
Fort Lewis, Wash.

HAD I NOT been participating in this activity, my entertainment would have been found in a pool hall or at a party conducted without any thought or respect for God. This I knew was wrong, but until basketball season this was my activity.

I have enjoyed very much learning the

teachings of the LDS doctrine. I have also gained much for my self-improvement and have been challenged to go further yet, as there is no end.

Ken Mitchell
Glendale, Calif.
(Nonmember)

"The Finishers"

Richard L. Evans

THERE COMES to mind today a subject which, for want of better words, might be called the habit of rearranging—that is, rearranging without really resolving—such as papers on our desks, clutter in our cupboards and closets, and problems on our minds that we turn over and over again without actually settling or disposing of, or coming to any acceptable conclusion. It isn't enough simply to shift papers, or to move things, or to handle them, or to dust them off, or repeatedly and inconclusively to review the same problems. It isn't enough simply to rearrange the pile. Someone has to settle; someone has to dispose of; someone has to decide something sometime, to bring things to some kind of satisfactory conclusion. There isn't much virtue merely in re-looking at letters. Sometime we have to answer them (or, decide that they need no answer). There isn't much virtue simply in rearranging debts. Sometime we have to pay them. There isn't much virtue in the overlong repeating and postponing of problems. Sometime we have to solve them. Almost anyone can half do things. Almost anyone can bring an assignment back partly finished, partly fulfilled, partly followed through. But one of the marks of the executive is the ability to decide. One of the obligations of free men is the willingness to decide. One of the qualities of effective people is the courage to decide—with, of course, the standards and judgment to know what to do with certain situations, and to see things through to a satisfactory conclusion. And if we find a person shifting the same set of papers on his desk month after month, or with the same set of unsolved problems in his mind, inconclusively turning them over day after day, or night after night, we may know that he is letting a lot of life waste away. (It is somewhat like listening to someone give the same account of the same occurrence time after time. Well may we listen once, but not too willingly to a repetitious retelling too many times.) We have to get things done; we have to get them finished and behind us, in order to go on effectively to the next problem, to the next project. Emerson summarized the subject for us somewhat when he paid his respects to the "finishers" in life—to those who start and go and see things through.¹ Surely the Lord God who gave us life didn't intend that we should live it like the winds that shift leaves and litter back and forth, aimlessly rearranging the piles from place to place. One of the great qualities of character is the ability, the willingness, the purpose, to see things through.

"The Spoken Word"

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, JULY 28, 1957

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¹Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Worship*.

NO PLACE ELSE have I found where the lesson is taught so well that "fair" is not good enough and "ordinary" will not do. It is the mind which will be satisfied with nothing but the best, and which will have nothing to do with anything less than excellence, which achieves that which is worth while. This attitude is fostered in the M Men program.

Glen A. Shumway
Blanding, Utah

"Feed My Sheep"

(Concluded from page 112)

Ceremony. In order to be eligible for these honors, sixty percent of the class must receive Individual Awards in a year's time, June 1st to May 31st.

AS BEFORE mentioned there are many avenues of approach to a girl's heart and soul, and the Girls' Program is faced with the responsibility of finding and following them to attain ever greater reactivation.

For active girls the program remains the constant companion, guiding them always, keeping them steadfast.

Girls may receive their Individual Awards for having attended 26 Sacramento meetings in a year, plus 36 Sunday Schools and 36 Mutuals. They also may receive their respective class awards, Honor Bees, MIA Joys, Silver Gleaners.

Reports from the MIA offices show that missions and stakes indicate a rapid increase in the number of girls reactivated, that everywhere within the Church the program is moving ahead, accomplishing its purpose.

SUNSET, PUGET SOUND

By Elaine V. Emans

I ASKED how long you thought the white gulls wheeling
About the ship would follow us, their blue-Gray mantles blending with the twilight stealing

Up solemnly on every side, and you
Said only until dark. And so we sat
And tried to find a new name for the lustrous

Soft tinting of the sky, deciding that
No color word we knew quite did it justice.

We looked one way and saw the snowy thatched
Old mountains pass in silver-gray slow motion—

We gazed the other way into unmatchd
Beauty of starlight on a quiet ocean,
And were so steeped in peace, just sitting there,
The gulls took leave without our being aware.

OCTOBER 1957



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4 1/2%

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To Be A King

(Continued from page 727)

to remain with us. Is that true, gentlemen?"

A timorous note of approval was drowned in David's vigorous dissent. "You see, I understand my position far better than you do," said David. "Henceforth my place among you is vacant."

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Nothing at present; perhaps later you may. And now, gentlemen, good-bye."

Most of those present stood aloof, frigid and haughty. Haran shook hands and wished David well, and there were tears in his eyes as he did so. Elihu, overwhelmed, hung upon his neck.

"My son, though I believe you in grievous error, remember there is one who loves you well. No matter what foolish thing you may do, your place in his heart will remain secure."

David's soul was steeled against harsh words. He broke down under kindness. He stumbled from the room to hide the blinding tears which could not be controlled.

WITHIN A FEW days after his turbulent meeting with Ruth, David received a visit from Elihu. Even in the brief time which had elapsed since their last meeting the old man had aged perceptibly, and David's heart smote him when he realized the sorrow and disappointment his deflection from what men considered a sane course had brought to this true friend.

"I called on you earlier, my boy," Elihu said tenderly, "but you were not in, and so I have been visiting with Ruth."

"How is she, Father Elihu?"

"Brokenhearted, of course. She feels that your love was mere infatuation and has not fastened itself into your soul as hers has, or you would not allow such an unimportant matter to come between you; and with this feeling I must agree."

"But I appeal to you to consider my position. Can you tell me why I have such positive assurance of the divinity of this man, if he is not divine? Lebanon himself had similar conviction, and it was something he said which prompted me to go to the Nazarene."

"I cannot answer your question any more than you can tell me why other

clear-thinking men have talked to this stranger and have not been impressed by what they saw."

"Many times I have put your question to myself but stand helpless before it. Perhaps the answer is to be found in the motive behind their going to him. I went believing he could give me helpful advice. My opinion is that very few others have gone with the same spirit."

"David, I must urge you to consider the tragic consequences which are sure to arise in your present course. Think of bringing dishonor upon the name made so honorable by your forefathers; think also of losing your fortune and Ruth."

Elihu joined his young friend in a moody and silent march up and down the room.

"I do think of my parents and of Ruth," David responded at length. "I have thought of almost nothing else since this situation arose. Tell me about Ruth. I long to hear of her."

"To aggravate her other troubles, Zebulon is besieging her constantly. At least he has been, though I think she has at last terminated their friendship. When his patience became exhausted after her statement that she could give him nothing but friendship, he then answered angrily that she could keep friendship for those in whom her beauty had not aroused love. In her presence he swore to dedicate his life to your ruin, David, and declared that insofar as she was associated with you, disaster awaited her also."

VISITING CHILD

By Helen Maring

CURLS on the pillow, drooping head,
The visiting child is sweet in bed;
A kiss on the cheek and a turned-out
light . . .
Such sleepy words for prayers tonight.

Some of the day was loud with sound,
But it's precious to have a child around.
The dusty toys came out of their box.
The small doll trunks of shells and rocks
Came down from the shelf for a child to
see.

"This one is pretty?" "Is that for me?"
It makes one remember when—and when
Gracie was seven; and Teddy, ten.

Curls on the pillow, drooping head,
The visiting child is sweet in bed.
There's peace in one's heart from the day's
delight.
Good night, little visiting child, good night.

"How contemptible!" David's anger was at white heat.

"Have you ever seen Ruth angry? The blood of queens is in her veins; and Zebulon's tone, so unfamiliar and insulting, started a conflagration within her.

"At that instant I came upon them, quite unexpectedly to me, and could not help hearing her scathing rebuke. She asked Zebulon what it was he offered her—marriage with the most debased creature it had ever been her ill fortune to meet—and to share the worst thing his vindictive mind could hope for would be paradise compared to association with him. She could think of nothing more despicable than one who would accept as a wife the girl who had sold herself to him for the safety of the man she really loved. With all her gentle refinement, Ruth is a lioness when aroused, and Zebulon slunk out of her presence as if he had been whipped.

"With Zebulon gone, the spirit of her queenly ancestors deserted Ruth, and she became a weak and weeping woman. And it was a long time before she was composed enough to ask what she should do.

"Since I have never had a daughter," Elihu continued, "it was no easy task to offer consolation, and as for advice, what could I say? My desire, of course, would be that she marry you in spite of the disappointment and humiliation resulting from your strange course, but that is too delicate a thing for me to suggest. Such a step, if it is ever taken, must be made voluntarily, and she is by no means ready for it. You wounded her too deeply for immediate recovery when she asked you to choose between her and the Nazarene, and you chose him."

"But I did not choose him. I merely asked for time in which carefully to study my course, and this she would not grant me."

"In any case you did not choose her; but when I told her how beset with difficulties and even dangers your path is, that Zebulon had threatened publicly to kill you, and that we knew of a plot, even before this trouble occurred, which placed your life in jeopardy, she was frantic with fear.

"Another thing which disturbs her is that you and Martha have been

(Continued on page 740)

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To Be A King

(Continued from page 738)

together so much of late, and she has seen in her lifelong friend a mystifying change. Instead of the merry, capricious girl she has always been, Martha has developed, overnight one might say, into an extremely serious woman. Womanlike, Ruth associates Martha's change with yours and wonders what there is between you."

"Certainly she has no occasion to be jealous of Martha; for, if there were no other reasons, Martha and Haran have been seriously interested in each other. But," David added musingly, "I may say this to you in confidence, it is not impossible that the Nazarene may also come between these two."

"You have heard then of Haran?" Elihu asked in surprise.

"Of Haran? No; what do you mean?"

"Why, then, did you say the Nazarene might come between them?"

"Because of Martha. She has met this new Teacher and feels toward him as I do."

Elihu's surprise increased. "I was not aware of that, but Haran has—perhaps I had better tell you the entire story. After you left the council chamber, naturally your attitude was discussed at considerable length. Some of the comments made were complimentary, for this man whom you defended with such valor has a few friends; but most of the remarks were very offensive. Also, Zebulon was twitted for permitting one of his own age to strike him without retaliating. He offered the excuse that he honored their presence too much to engage in a brawl, but it was easy to see that his flimsy pretext carried no weight, and he soon left the hall.

"Wagers were offered after his departure that he would kill you within a month, but by his own hand, for all admitted he is too cowardly to do that, but through the instrumentality of others. I had little to say, preferring to have them reveal all they knew of his methods.

"Haran was alarmed and declared you must be warned. There was hardly a member of the council present who agreed with him, so completely has your course alienated your former friends. Haran persisted in his defense of you. There could be nothing wrong, he said, in believing

in a man who really does marvelous things and who has done no evil.

"His insistence aroused enmity, and the question was put as to whether he had become a convert to the ac-

cursed doctrine. He denied this but admitted that several times he had seen the Nazarene and assured them there was nothing but good in him. The feelings on both sides grew in

A Turning To Friends and Family

Richard L. Evans

SOMETIMES WE may become weary of the sameness of our surroundings and feel that we should like to get away from familiar people and places. But often it is *only* for a brief time. Often the best part of going away is getting back. Our children likewise sometimes tire of the sameness of surroundings, of the supervision of the same people, and of seeing the same places, and may have their periods of feeling that they have outgrown the family, and familiar friends, and sometimes may seem to resent sharing plans and confidences. But these also are usually but passing periods; and sooner or later, solidly in the lives of most of us, there comes an appreciation for family, for friends, and an awareness of what it would mean to be isolated from others, especially from loved ones. This families learn; this most of us sooner or later learn: that life is full of much meaning because of sharing with, of being with, of doing with. Men were meant to live with family and friends, and in company and co-operation with one another. Others enrich our lives, if only by being there, if only by our knowing that they are there. In his essay *On Friendship* Cicero commented on the need of others when he said: "... if it were possible that some god should carry us away from these haunts of men, and place us somewhere in perfect solitude, and then should supply us in abundance with everything necessary to our nature, and yet take from us entirely the opportunity of looking upon a human being . . . who could steel himself to endure such a life? Who would not lose in his loneliness the zest for all pleasures?" And then he added that even if a person were to witness even the most glorious of sights and scenes, even if he were to "ascend to heaven," it would give him but "small pleasure" unless he "had some one to whom to tell what he had seen."¹ And when our children feel that they would like to pull away into their own circle of association, we need for the moment not be too concerned (provided it is wholesome association), for such feelings run in cycles, and overtake most of us at times, but sooner or later there is a homeward turning, a turning to friends and family, and an awareness that to be rich and full in its experiences, in its confidences, life is something to be shared.

¹Cicero, *On Friendship*.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, AUGUST 4, 1957
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intensity, and finally a demand was made that Haran choose, as you had done, between his official position and this doctrine. Weakly he tried to justify his position and stem the tide of enmity against this new creed, but his efforts, as yours, were fruitless.

"His opponents were obdurate and insisted that he pledge himself to renounce this new impostor, as they designated him, and his teachings completely, or leave their presence forever.

"You are aware that Haran was always been rather a favorite of mine, though I have recognized in him a lamentable lack of courage. For this reason, and for the still more important one, that the demands they were making were unrighteous, I interceded for him. With what result, do you think? They actually commenced an assault on me, as one of the believers in the Nazarene! But I laughed in their faces, and they renewed their attack upon poor Haran, who was forced to swear to all the things which they suggested."

"And did he actually renounce his belief in the Nazarene?" David asked in a shocked voice.

"Yes; the perspiration dripped from his haggard face, and his lips twitched convulsively as they formed the words he was required to speak. He left the room, and I followed soon after. Outside I found him weeping. When I placed my arm encouragingly around his shoulders, he turned to me and said with a shudder which I can never forget, 'Will God ever forgive me? I have denied his Holy Son.'"

"Father Elihu, astonished as I am at Haran's belief and even more so at his lack of courage, I rejoice that you have seen the effects of proving recreant to one's firm conviction. His condition would be mine also were I to do what you and Ruth, the dearest people on earth, would have me do."

"I admit defeat, David," the old man said. "Far better to die or lose a kingdom or a queen than one's self-respect. I cannot understand your strange belief in this man and may suggest caution, but I promise never to advise you to renounce your faith."

(To be continued)

AUTUMN ART

By Thelma Ireland

TWO CRISP, curled leaves left dangling,
From one gaunt, naked limb,
Spun by a cold October wind,
A mobile with fall trim.

OCTOBER 1957



Tang.

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**WESTERN
AIRLINES**

Choosing the Right

(Continued from page 705)

eyes on their Creator and upon others is the good turn—the service. That's what Sir Baden-Powell wrote back to the boys—"What you have named in resisting smoking, drinking, gambling, and listening to smutty stories is all right, but you had better have something positive—doing good." Praising the boys for sticking to such good laws of conduct, he wrote from South Africa, "that it is not enough merely to defend yourselves against evil habits, you should also be active in doing good. By doing good I mean making yourselves useful, doing small kindnesses to other people—whether they are friends or strangers. It is not a difficult matter, and the best way to set about it is to make up your mind to do at least one 'good turn' to somebody every day, and you will soon get into the habit of doing good turns always.

"It does not matter how small the 'good turn' may be—even if it is only to help an old woman across the street, or to say a good word for someone who is badly spoken of. The great thing is to do something. . . . You might begin it this very day, and if you would like to write to me and tell me about the first 'good turn' you do, I shall be glad to hear about it." This is believed to be the first mention of the daily good turn in the Scout program, and it came in a letter from South Africa to the boys in London.

I might relate to you an experience that Sister McKay and I had in the old Biblical town of Sychar in 1924 when we went to Syria to attend the first conference of the Church held in the name of the Armenian Mission.

The Savior's experience with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well had long since been a favorite text of mine, and I was hoping that the driver of the auto in which we were riding would stop at Sychar, and give us the privilege of visiting this historic spot. However, the driver had told me that he would not have time to stop at Jacob's Well.

But strange as it may seem, just as we entered the town of Sychar, a front tire blew out. Though the driver was much disappointed, I looked upon it as almost providential. Immediately Sister McKay and I took advantage of the opportunity to visit the well.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

A young native boy was standing nearby. He was the only one who could understand English, and he said he would gladly be our guide. We spent a most interesting 45 minutes, and accomplished all that we had hoped to accomplish.

As we returned to the auto to resume our journey, I offered the young lad a *bakshesh* (or what we call a tip); indeed, I had thought his consideration was shown to us in the hopes of his receiving a reward. Imagine my surprise when the lad straightened up and said: "No, thank you; it has been a pleasure to serve you—I am a Boy Scout." Think what it means all over the world to have boys thus trained to think of others! Think of the principle back of it! "... Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me." (Matt. 25:40.)

Finally, we'll name the importance of ever not only keeping our eye upon our Creator, but also appealing to him. We need his help. Young boys get discouraged, and young girls, too. Many a time they weep in silence because they feel that their comrades are outdistancing them. We say for them to appeal to our Father in heaven in prayer—and the older ones, too. Nothing would be better in this world than if all parents and businessmen would follow the example of the man to whom I refer, a leading man, a factory superintendent. An efficient executive, coming in early, said to the secretary, "I want to see the manager." "I'm sorry," she said, "but he's in conference. He said he is not to be disturbed."

"How could he be in conference! There's nobody in the office but himself." He'd seen the manager go in

there by himself. "I must see him on a matter of great importance."

"You may come back in fifteen minutes if you wish," said the secretary, "or you may leave your message with me, and I will give it to him as soon as he is at liberty. At present he is not to be disturbed." The irate superintendent pushed by the secretary and quickly opened the door to the manager's private office. Then after a quick glance within he just as quickly and quietly closed the door and stared red-faced at the secretary.

"Why, he's on his knees," he exclaimed, astonished.

"Yes," said the secretary, "in conference, as I told you."

"I'm sorry, I didn't know he was that kind of man," apologized the superintendent. "Yes, there is one in there with him of greater importance than I," and he went away with an amazed look on his face.

Onward for God and country! May the 26,000,000 men and boys keep their eyes ever on him and remember that they serve him best when they serve others than themselves. If we follow that,

"There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning
A broader and juster brotherhood,
A deeper equality of aim, postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to another
Be as Christ would have him—
brother unto brother."

—Sir Lewis Morris

God bless us all with these ideals of scouting, which are the ideals of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Big Noise

(Continued from page 717)

with it. After they were lit he made a similar horseshoe around the back of the wagon. It was dark enough now for a light, so I took Pedro's lantern down from the ceiling where it hung from the center bow. The chimney was a little smoked; but when I tried to wash it, I found that the dishwater was cold and coated over with a scum of grease. I tore a page from the catalogue—not one of the slick ones—and polished it with that.

I knew that the time was more than spent. The cat had had time to

take his drink and get back to his post. Pedro finished his job. For good measure he dragged the carcass farther away and kicked the hunk of poisoned meat outside the circle. Then he scrambled back into the doorway with his knife drawn.

Soon Pedro drew to attention.

"Thee cleenk of thee spurs," he said, almost out loud.

"Papa don't wear spurs," Rachel said. "But the leather's worn off the stirrups on his saddle. It always clunks like that, brass against brass."

"Hello! Anybody home? Why all

(Continued on following page)

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The Big Noise

(Continued from preceding page)

the fireworks? Think it was the Fourth of July?" At least Papa didn't sound mad. "It's a good thing you turned on the flares though. I might not've spotted your camp."

Pedro tried to keep us in the wagon, but he got out himself.

"This your horse?" Papa asked. "This your gun? I'm afraid it took quite a beating. The stock's split; but I think it can be fixed. Seen a

Some Factors of Friendship

Richard L. Evans

WE HAVE in mind today one of the most beautiful relationships in life, and one of the most difficult to define. Aside from loved ones, aside from close of kin, friendship makes life most meaningful. With friendship nothing is impersonal. Everything is more enjoyed. Everything has greater purpose. Everything is better understood. It is something to be nourished and cherished; something that cannot be forced; something that must grow naturally; and something that must not be abused. And this brings us to the basis of what Cicero said: as to the fact that real "friendship can only exist between good men."¹ "We mean . . . by the 'good,'" he said, "those whose actions and lives leave no questions as to their honour, purity, equity, and liberality; who are free from greed, lust, and violence; and who have the courage of their convictions."¹ Often the question arises as to what one should do, or should not do, for a friend. Should one violate a law or a moral code of conduct in the name of friendship? Should one falsify or commit an illegal or unworthy act for a friend? In answer, it is significant that Cicero should have concluded many centuries ago what we must conclude today: ". . . that the plea of having acted in the interests of a friend is not a valid excuse for a wrong action. For (since) a belief in a man's virtue is the original cause of friendship, friendship can hardly remain if virtue be abandoned. . . . Stability in friendship . . . can be secured . . . when . . . men who are united by affection learn, first of all, to rule those passions which enslave others, and . . . to take delight in fair and equitable conduct, to bear each other's burdens, [and] never to ask each other for anything inconsistent with virtue and rectitude, and not only to serve and love but also to respect each other. I say 'respect'; for if respect is gone, friendship has lost its brightest jewel. . . . In fact, if virtue be neglected, those who imagine themselves to possess friends will find out their error as soon as some grave disaster forces them to make trial of them. . . . [For] nature has given us friendship as the handmaid of virtue, not as a partner in guilt. . . . Let this then be laid down as the first law of friendship, that we should ask from friends, and do for friends, only what is good . . . [and] neither ask nor consent to do what is wrong. . . . Without friendship [there is not fullness of] life, . . . for if we lose affection and kindness from life, we lose all that gives it charm."¹

¹Selected and arranged from essay *On Friendship* by Marcus Tullius Cicero.

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couple of kids about belly high to a mustang?"

By this time we were out of the wagon. Papa was off the horse and was looping the reins through the front wheel. The other two horses were tied to his horse.

"There was a mountain lion," I said, trying not to sound emotional.

"No mountain lions in this country," Papa said. "Ain't any been seen around here for fifteen years."

"We saw him," Rachel said.

"Must've been a coyote," Papa said.

"We heard him," I said. "It was awful. It bellered."

"Must've been a bull."

Papa opened Pedro's gun and worked a bullet into place. "I think it will still work." He handed it to Pedro. "These kids of mine have sure got an imagination."

Pedro smiled and swung his arms and talked fast in Spanish. He took Papa to show him the place where the lion had lain all afternoon. He took him to show him the meat. The sheep was gone. He got the lantern and looked for it. He found the poisoned piece; but the carcass was gone. He could see where it had been dragged off into the dark. That sneaking thing had made off with it just to let us know that he was still on the job. The flares had died now. Their life had been prolonged by the tallow; but they were gone. There was only the lantern. The breeze was cooler at night. The pinto shivered. I stepped over to quiet the horses. I was glad to feel the thirty-thirty strapped to Papa's saddle. Papa came over and unstrapped it.

The breeze stirred again, and the horses acted restless. Rachel was holding one and I the other two.

"What happened to your dog?"

Papa asked Pedro. But before Pedro could find the suitable American answer two moons had risen near the brow of the rise beyond and above the lantern. They weren't exactly moons. They were more like ripe yellow-green gooseberries. Papa leaned toward Pedro. "You take the left one, and I'll take the right," he whispered. I held tighter onto the chin reins. The two guns blared as one. Rachel's horse reared high in the air, but Rachel hung on and went up and down again without harm.

There was a low guttural bellow and a thrashing around. The moons had gone down.

(Concluded on following page)

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The Big Noise

(Concluded from preceding page)

"Look! Look at my hands!" Rachel shouted to me in a loud whisper. "They held my weight! They held my whole weight!" I couldn't see them very well, but I could feel. "My vicissitudes," she exclaimed, "they're all well!"

There was one last gurgle from out beyond the lantern.

"Ain't been one of those things around here in fifteen years," Papa said.

BUT THE paper had more to say. It was published in the county seat on Friday, and we got our copy on Saturday by the noon train. Papa read it to us at supper around the kitchen table.

"STOCKMEN ARE WARNED TO KEEP WATCH FOR ESCAPED MOUNTAIN LION. The beast is believed to be visiting in this territory on an unscheduled leave from Conn Brothers' Animal Carnival, now show-

ing at Cheyenne. This particular lion was taken as a young whelp about fifteen years ago from a plateau some miles north of Fossil Narrows, now used as a summer range. When the carnival train stopped on Wednesday at Fossil Narrows to take on water, the animal jumped his keeper and escaped into his native hills. The cat is used to people and buildings. If he comes into your dooryard, don't mistake his boldness for a friendly call. He is still a lion. You are advised to shoot him on sight."

Papa raised his eyes from the paper and looked cornerwise at Rachel and me.

"Wanta go on a lion hunt?" he asked. And I grinned back at him. But Rachel only itched her sides where her coveralls were stiff. It would soon be Saturday night, and she could have her bath and change.

(The End)

Following the Pioneer Trail

(Continued from page 729)

took the first look at the formidable country ahead. Clayton's *Guide* remarks succinctly, "The country west looks rough and mountainous."

Just short of the summit, fifty feet or so to the right of the road, carved deep into solid rock by countless thousands of iron wheels, lie twin traces of history. The wagon tracks are almost covered by eroded dirt; they must be uncovered and protected as part of the trail restoration project. But they are there, indelible, speaking eloquently of an heroic past to the sensitive mind.

Driving on down Dixie Hollow ravine after crossing the summit, one can appreciate this entry in Clayton's private journal:

Arrived at the summit of Hogsback and put a guide board up, 80 miles to Fort Bridger. [Evidence of the remarkable accuracy of the odometer Clayton had attached to his wagon.] The descent is not very steep but exceedingly dangerous to wagons, being mostly on the side hill over large cobble stones, causing the wagons to slide very badly. . . .

It was so bad, in fact, that after about half a mile the Donners and, following them, the Mormon pioneers, gave it up, turned to the right, and climbed the long bench to the west,

crossed its ridge and dropped down into East Canyon Creek about half a mile above the present East Canyon Dam.

The present road passes the site of the first of three Pony Express stations on the thirty-six mile route, the Dixie Creek Pony Express Station. Worth noting is the fact that this fabled enterprise followed the Mormon Trail very closely from Nebraska into Salt Lake City.

As he skirts the east side of the East Canyon reservoir, one must use his imagination. The old trail, now drowned deep in the reservoir lake, followed East Canyon Creek for eight miles. It was rough going. Orson Pratt's journal tells us:

We followed the dimly traced wagon tracks up this stream for 8 miles, crossing the same 13 times. The bottoms of the creek are thickly covered with willows, from 5 to 15 rods wide, making an immense labor in cutting a road through for the emigrants last season. We still found the road almost impassable, and requiring much labor.

At Macfarlane's [once Clayton's] Ranch, where the surfaced road begins, the motorist finds himself back on the original trail along the stream. Here in these beautiful meadows was built the second Pony Express Station on this part of the trail.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The modern highway swings off to the right to climb Big Mountain at this point. But if the weather is dry, the road straight ahead up East Canyon Creek can be taken easily along one of the most interesting parts of the old trail, into primitive, beautiful country that is more nearly like the conditions the Pioneers originally found than any other part accessible by car. Fall, with its golden aspen and scarlet oak against deep green spruce and fir, is nowhere more beautiful than on the byways of this trail.

Four miles along this lively, willow-lined creek is Mormon Flat and, leading up the mountain to the west, Little Emigration Canyon. Here the Donner Party camped for four days while the men cut a road up Little Emigration Canyon to the top of Big Mountain.

And here, in history of another day, the Mormons prepared their last outpost of defense against invading troops of the US Army. When Johnston's Army was marching toward Utah in the summer and fall of 1857, and the Church leaders decided they would be pushed no farther, Mormon parties were sent out to prepare defensive positions. The last of these was at the mouth of Little Emigration Canyon, up which an invading army would virtually have to pass.

The breastworks are there today, plainly seen, two long lines of stone, brooding along the brows of the two hills commanding the mouth of the canyon. Here is mute evidence of the determination, courage, and energy of a noble people.

Of this spot, the remarkable journal of Captain Albert Tracy, an officer in Johnston's Army, records:

June 25, 1858—We get off as early as five in the morning, and after a long and toilsome ascent, in the course of which we pass additional fortifications of the Mormons [these having been abandoned because a truce had been arranged], reach at last the bald and rocky crest of "Big Mountain."

You, if you have a sound heart, good wind, strong legs, and a couple of hours to spare, may decide to follow the Donner-Mormon-Johnston's Army steps and hike up Little Emigration Canyon to the top of Big Mountain—an exercise guaranteed to invoke a healthy respect for the men who took wagons and handcarts up these rugged slopes—or you may

(Continued on following page)

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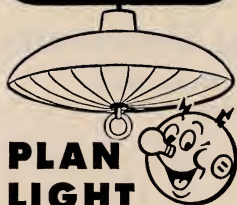
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Following the Pioneer Trail

(Continued from preceding page)

backtrack to the oiled road and drive to Big Mountain summit.

Here at the summit, the Pioneers saw at last the end of their journey. They had reached a point from which the view was not of more canyons and more summits ahead. There before them they saw their goal—or at least part of it—the long-sought Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

But little time was lost in contemplating the scenery. Down over the edge the wagons went, straight down, where a man scarcely dares stand today, wheels locked with logs, ropes tied to the tops with men straining to keep the wagons upright—sliding, bouncing, careening down in a great cloud of dust over what surely must be one of the most fearsome sections of wagon road in the nation's history.

Clayton's *Guide*, in a monumental understatement, says merely, "The descent is steep, lengthy and tedious, on account of the stumps in the road."

Here, too, the path of the wagons is plainly seen. Their wheels left ruts that have since eroded into a sizable gully that runs straight down the mountainside, crossing the present winding highway at several points.

A public picnic ground now marks the Birch Springs on Mountain Dell Creek where the Pioneers found their next good campsite. From here they followed the creek, crossing it repeatedly for four and one-half miles. Traces of the old trail are still to be seen along the stream bed. To the left of the present highway as it breaks out above the wide meadows of Mountain Dell Creek can be seen the site of the third and last Pony Express Station along the trail. It was operated by Ephraim Hanks, one of the most colorful characters in Utah history.

The trail is now in a fairly wide valley with an easy grade going down into Parleys Canyon. It was almost an accident that the Pioneers didn't keep going along this stream, entering Salt Lake Valley through Parleys instead of Emigration Canyon. Remember the two men who had ridden with James Reed to catch up with Lansford Hastings? Their horses had given out, and they had to rest a day before starting out to follow Reed back to the Donner Party at Henefer. They got lost in Parleys

Canyon and days later rejoined the party near what is now the City Farm. As a member of the party wrote:

These men reported the impracticability of passing down the valley in which they were then [Parleys] and they advised their companions to pass over a low range of hills [Little Mountain] into a neighboring valley. This they did.

A year later, Orson Pratt gave the Mormon pioneers the same advice. Sent ahead to reconnoiter, he reported in his journal:

We travelled down several miles and found that the small stream we were descending [Mountain Dell Creek] passed through a very high mountain [the gorge of Parleys just below the present Mountain Dell Reservoir], where we judged it impossible for wagons to pass; and after searching awhile, we found that the wagon trail ascended quite abruptly for about 1½ miles and passed over a mountain and down into another narrow valley [Emigration Canyon].

It is easy to see today where the trail ascended Little Mountain. Deep erosion in the original wheel marks has left a gully running right to the pass where the present highway crosses. The same is true, to a lesser extent, going down the other side. Instead of sweeping in wide curves as the present highway does, the trail went straight down the mountain, reaching Emigration Creek—which the relieved Pioneers called "Last Creek"—just at the present "Last Campsite" monument.

This difficult going led to one of the most dramatic episodes in the entire length of the trail, virtually at its end. Here was the one place where the Mormon wagons did not follow Donner's. Why they did not bespeaks the basic differences between the characters of the two groups of pioneers.

It happened at Donner Hill, less than a mile from the canyon mouth. Here, after desperately cutting their way through the brush, the Donners almost gave up. As Virginia Reed Murphy, a member of the party wrote:

We reached the end of the canyon where it looked as though our wagons would have to be abandoned. It seemed impossible for the oxen to pull them up the steep hill and the bluff beyond, but we doubled teams and the work was, at last, accomplished, almost every yoke in the train [of 23 wagons] being required to pull up each wagon.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Looking up the incredibly steep face of Donner Hill, one can today visualize the scene. He can imagine how that desperate climb, repeated twenty-three times, must have exhausted animals and men. He can understand why the party had to rest and recruit in the valley, why it was already weakened as it attempted the salt flats, why it arrived late in the Sierra Nevadas, why death took half its members there.

The ironic, tragic fact is, those deaths were unnecessary. The experiences of the Mormon pioneers a year later shows why. When they reached this same point, they debated what their course should be. William Clayton's journal describes the decision:

We found the road crossing the creek again to the south side and there ascending up a very steep, high hill. It is so very steep as to be almost impossible for heavy wagons to ascend and so narrow that the least accident might precipitate a wagon down a bank three or four hundred feet—in which case it would certainly be dashed to pieces. Colonel Markham and another man went over the hill and returned up the canyon to see if a road cannot be cut through and avoid this hill. Brother Markham says a good road can soon be made down the canyon by digging a little and cutting through the bushes some ten or 15 rods [some 200 feet!]. A number of men went to work immediately to make the road. . . . After spending about four hours' labor, the brethren succeeded in cutting a pretty good road along the creek and the wagons proceeded on.

And so, at long last, the valley was reached. Small wonder, after such an ordeal, that the scouts waved their hats and shouted for joy, or that Wilford Woodruff could write:

This is an important day in the history of my life and in the history of the Latter-day Saints. After travelling from our encampment through the deep ravine, ending with the canyon, we came in full view of the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the land of promise, held in reserve by the hand of God as a resting place for the Saints, upon which a portion of the Zion of our God will be built. We gazed with wonder and admiration upon the vast fertile valley spread out before us for about 25 miles in length and 16 miles in width, clothed with a heavy garment of vegetation, in the midst of which glistened the waters of Great Salt Lake, with mountains all around, towering toward the skies, and streams, rivulets and creeks of pure water running through the beautiful valley.

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HALL'S REMEDY

Salt Lake City, Utah

The Utility of Opposition

(Continued from page 725)

of opposition was again felt. Let Joseph Smith tell, in his own words, the happenings of a century ago.

"After I had retired to the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me, and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcame me, and had such an astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction.

"But, exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink into despair and abandon myself to destruction—not to an imaginary ruin, but to the power of some actual being from the unseen world, who had such marvelous power as I had never before felt in any being—just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me.

"It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound." (J.S. 2:15-17.)

In 1837, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, and others were sent to Great Britain to bear the message of the restored gospel to the people of that country, which was to contribute such strength to the Church. They arrived on the 20th of July. Converts were made and a time appointed when the ordinance of baptism was to be administered to those who had accepted the truth. Sunday was the day when this ordinance was to be solemnized. On Saturday night, the day before the date set for the baptism, Heber C. Kimball says: "While I was thus engaged, I was struck with great force by some invisible power, and fell senseless to the floor. The first thing I remember was being supported by Elders Hyde and Richards who were praying for me. I then arose and sat upon the bed, when a vision was opened to our minds, and we could plainly see the evil spirits

who foamed and gnashed their teeth at us."

Orson Hyde, in a letter written to Heber C. Kimball at a later date says: "Every circumstance which occurred in that scene of devils is just as fresh in my recollection as it was at the time of its occurrence. While you were apparently senseless, and lifeless upon the floor, and on the bed, after we had laid you there, I stood between you and the devils and fought them face to face, until they began to diminish in number, and retreat from the room."

In each of these instances, and many others might be quoted, the light of God, which stands unchangeably opposed to the darkness of Satan, triumphed, as it always does when we put our trust in him who is the author of light.

Lucifer maintains his power and dominion with gold and silver, with armies and navies, with selfishness and greed, personal ambition, unrestrained license in the gratification of the lust and appetites of men, disregard for law, order, justice, or equality.

The power and policy by which God seeks to control is light, truth, virtue, mercy, charity, love, patience, law, order, equality, and justice. Whatever is opposed to this policy we must combat. Opposition to it must never cease. We must prevail, or submit to defeat which will bring both temporal and spiritual destruction.

The utility of opposition, then, when we contend for that which is right, and oppose that which is wrong, is in the fact that it develops individuality, makes us masters of ourselves, and commits us to the accomplishment of the purposes of the Almighty. It makes man alert, forceful, and manly, while to drift listlessly with the current without opposition to spur him on to effort or resistance, without knowledge of, or with indifference to, the responsibility which came to him with his knowledge of good and evil, of right and wrong, man, the only one of the creations of God endowed with reason, becomes little better than the brute creation, a thing existing only to satisfy the demands of nature, without knowledge of the past, ambition for the present, or hope for the future.

For originality and greater light on the subject of the utility of opposition, the Book of Mormon is very explicit. This is true also in its dealing with many other doctrines such as infant baptism, the resurrection, atonement, fall of Adam, purpose of man's existence, and the agency of man, and many others. Lehi, addressing his son Jacob, discusses the need of opposition in all things as follows:

"For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things. If not so, my first-born in the wilderness, righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad. Wherefore, all things must needs be a compound in one; wherefore, if it should be one body it must needs remain as dead, having no life neither death, nor corruption nor in-corruption, happiness nor misery, neither sense nor insensibility.

"Wherefore, it must needs have been created for a thing of naught; wherefore there would have been no purpose in the end of its creation. Wherefore, this thing must needs destroy the wisdom of God and his eternal purposes, and also the power, and the mercy, and the justice of God.

"And if ye shall say there is no law, ye shall also say there is no sin. If ye shall say there is no sin, ye shall also say there is no righteousness. And if there be no righteousness there be no happiness. And if there be no righteousness nor happiness there be no punishment nor misery. And if these things are not there is no God. And if there is no God we are not, neither the earth; for there could have been no creation of things, neither to act nor to be acted upon; wherefore, all things must have vanished away." (2 Ne. 2:11-13.)

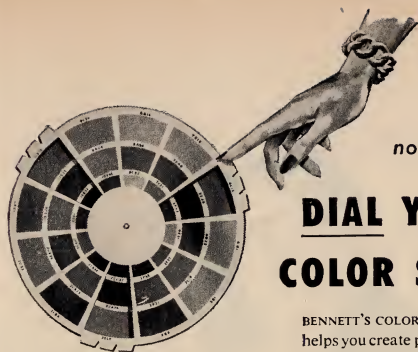
THE GLEN

By Ethel Jacobson

DEEP in the shadow
Of willow and fir,
Gossamer wings
Make a drowsy whir
Over ferny banks
Where coral bells chime,
And the wild rose nods
Over spice-sweet thyme.

There are small brook orchids
The wild bees know,
And fairy lanterns
That softly glow,
Deep in the shadow
Of fir and willow
Where Summer sleeps
On a green moss pillow.

OCTOBER 1957



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Melchizedek Priesthood



Quorums, Reactivation, and SALVATION

DID YOU EVER STOP and wonder why we have *priesthood quorums* in the Church?

Obviously we must have priesthood. It is the power and authority of God delegated to man on earth to act in all things for the salvation of men. Without priesthood there could be no salvation in the kingdom of God. No one questions the need for it.

But why not just have priesthood and let it go at that? Why did the Lord restore the priesthood and then specifically direct that it be operated through quorums? What is there about a quorum that makes it so important?

And if there are some special blessings which accrue because of quorum membership, *what are they, and what must quorum officers and members do to gain them?* And, most importantly: *Are We Doing the Things where Priesthood Quorums Are Concerned that Will Give Us the Promised Blessings?*

What Is a Priesthood Office or Calling?

Among others, there are in the Melchizedek Priesthood the following offices: elder, seventy, and high priest; in the Aaronic Priesthood: deacon, teacher, and priest. Each office is an ordained calling or assignment to

serve, on a basis of primary responsibility, in a specified field of priestly responsibility.

Priesthood is conferred upon worthy individuals. Then they are ordained to an office in the priesthood. The priesthood itself might be pictured as a circle and the offices in the priesthood as segments of the circle. Thus when a brother has the Melchizedek Priesthood conferred upon him, and he is ordained an elder, he receives the entire circle, but his *calling* is to labor in the segment of the circle assigned to elders.

The multifarious duties to be performed in the Church require specialists in various fields of endeavor; some persons are endowed with talents that permit them to work effectively in one field and some in another. Hence there are these *ordained* offices in the priesthood.

There are also *administrative* offices or callings. These are positions of presidency and administration. Brethren called to them are *set apart* to their labors. An ordained elder who is called to serve as a quorum president is set apart to that office, given the keys of presidency and the obligation to perform the duties that go with that particular office of presidency.

Why Must We Magnify Our Callings?

According to the oath and covenant of the Melchizedek Priesthood, all those who magnify their callings therein shall receive exaltation. "All that my Father hath shall be given unto them," the Lord says. (See D & C 84:33-41.) "The power of the Melchizedek Priesthood is to have the power of 'endless lives'; for the everlasting covenant cannot be broken," the Prophet Joseph Smith said. (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 322.) Thus, *every person who holds the Melchizedek Priesthood has in his hands the power and ability to gain eternal life if he magnifies the calling given him in the priesthood.*

The Aaronic Priesthood is a preparatory priesthood, one that goes before something that is greater, one that schools and trains a person for the greater or Melchizedek Priesthood. The Prophet called it "the Priesthood of Elias, or the Priesthood that Aaron was ordained unto," because it was designed "to prepare the way for a greater revelation of God." (*Ibid.*, pp. 335-336.)

Thus by magnifying one's callings in the Aaronic Priesthood, a person passes the tests and gains the schooling necessary to enable him to re-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

ceive the oath and covenant of the Melchizedek Priesthood. And by magnifying his calling in the higher priesthood, he qualifies to go on to eternal life in the kingdom of God.

What Is a Priesthood Quorum?

It is an organizational unit of the Church. It is the place where brethren having the same calling in the priesthood may go to learn their duties and find out what they must do to magnify their callings. It is a service unit and, therefore, a place where brethren may work out their salvation.

A priesthood quorum is an organization to which a brother may go to be indoctrinated in the ways of righteousness; where he can find fraternalism, fellowship, brotherhood; where he can gain help with his economic problems; where he can find the persons appointed to teach him how to magnify his calling in the priesthood.

In a very real sense the Lord has given us priesthood quorums so that we could have priesthood presidents to guide us and teach us our duties.

What Is the Responsibility of Quorum Officers?

"Of necessity there are presidents, or presiding officers growing out of, or appointed of or from among those who are ordained to the several offices in these two priesthoods." (D & C 107:21.) These presidents hold the keys of presidency over their respective quorums and are obligated to sit in council with their fellow quorum members, "teaching them the duties of their office," "edifying one another, as it is given according to the covenants." (*Ibid.*, see verses 85-100.) Quorum presidents are to lead their quorum members to eternal life in the kingdom of God; they are to teach them how to magnify their callings.

The personal righteousness of each quorum member is the pointed concern of his priesthood officers. They have the duty to see that he meets the standards of personal righteousness which the gospel imposes. Brethren presiding over Melchizedek Priesthood quorums are asked to make annual confidential visits to all their quorum members so that they can check up in confidence on the per-

sonal conduct of their members. If quorum members do not meet the standard they should, it is the duty of the quorum presidency to lead them to repentance and righteousness.

Obviously, also, the temporal well-being of quorum members is the direct concern of the presidency. It is difficult for a brother who is temporally sick to be spiritually well.

How Can We Magnify Our Callings?

By keeping the commandments and serving in the Church; by putting first in our lives the things of God's earthly kingdom; by living by every word that proceedeth forth out of the mouth of God; by learning the duties which appertain to our particular priesthood callings, and then performing them.

Priesthood quorums are the organizations which the Lord has provided to enable the holders of his authority to magnify their callings. They are the places where we learn what our duties are; they are the service units which create Church assignments so that we can work out our salvation. Until we begin to serve, to give something of ourselves, to work in the fields of our assignment, our hearts are not set so securely on the things of God and his kingdom that we may expect to receive salvation therein.

MISSION CONFERENCE

By Dollie M. Allen

OH, WONDERFUL hours! Incomparably reaching
Each hesitant soul with the gospel's rich teaching!

Somehow, but few could sit dry-eyed
Throughout the heartfelt prayer,
And pure notes of angels intermingled
As each hymn caressed the air.
We seemed caught up to spheres before
unguessed,
With understanding borrowed from the
blessed.

Each idea reached the heart like a singing
sword;
Each utterance became a trumpet for his
word,
Until our souls in ecstasy seemed spun,
And listener and speaker seemed as one.

Some miracle of faith this day has given
We may not feel again this side of heaven!

What Is the Magnitude of Quorum Responsibility?

President Joseph F. Smith said: "We expect to see the day, if we live long enough (and if some of us do not live long enough to see it, there are others who will), when every council of the priesthood in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will understand its duty, will assume its own responsibility, will magnify its calling, and fill its place in the Church, to the uttermost, according to the intelligence and ability possessed by it. When that day shall come, there will not be so much necessity for work that is now being done by the auxiliary organizations, because it will be done by the regular quorums of the priesthood. The Lord designed and comprehended it from the beginning, and he has made provision in the Church whereby every need may be met and satisfied through the regular organizations of the priesthood. It has truly been said that the Church is perfectly organized. The only trouble is that these organizations are not fully alive to the obligations that rest upon them. When they become thoroughly awakened to the requirements made of them, they will fulfil their duties more faithfully, and the work of the Lord will be all the stronger and more powerful and influential in the world." (*Gospel Doctrine*, 4th ed., p. 199; *Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook*, p. 22.)

Checking Our Performance

Now, are we using our priesthood quorums as the Lord intended? Are they agencies through which brethren are being taught their duties and how to magnify their callings?

Are they being used as service units to provide both training and work for quorum members? Do we have brethren in them who are not keeping the standards of the Church? Who are not magnifying their callings? Who need temporal assistance?

Do quorum officers and committees understand their part in the great program of priesthood reactivation? Is the personal missionary approach bringing inactive brethren back to the blessings of quorum fellowship?

Are we organized according to the patterns set forth in the handbooks? Are we following the program of the Church?



The Presiding

Attendance At Sacrament Meeting Brings Blessings

THE PRIMARY purpose for attending Sacrament meeting is to partake of the emblems of the Sacrament in memory of the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ and to renew our covenants with him. These are sufficient reasons why we should be present at this meeting each week, but in addition, there are other blessings which come to those who attend this meeting which are sometimes overlooked. The social advantage of contact with friends is beyond measure. The advantage we refer to is not that which would elevate us into select circles of privilege and fashion; or that which would improve our financial or political opportunities, but the advantage of associating with good people.

We gravitate toward those who meet our standards. Our lives are affected by those whom we respect. We are inclined to pattern after those whom we admire. Most of us try to be the kind of person we believe our

friends think us to be. These are good reasons why we should associate with those having the attributes of good character.

When we attend Sacrament meeting, we come in contact with those who are cultured, refined, and devoted to the Church. To mingle with people possessing such distinctive virtues stimulates us in our desires to live more circumspectly.

While attendance at Sacrament meeting is an individual responsibility for one's own spiritual and social development, it is also a contribution to others because here we share our friendship, love, and faith with them. We cannot obtain alone what we gain by uniting with neighbors and friends in this sacred hour of devotion.

When we worship together, there is a leavening effect. There is an influence working silently which welds our souls closer together. Members

Senior Members

Presiding Bishopric

Promotes School Program

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC strongly urges every stake in the Church to institute schools for senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood and their wives.

Such schools have been held in many stakes with wonderful results. Thousands of men and women have registered in these schools and have completed the prescribed courses of study. The school program has brought new impetus to the work and has opened the way for many to become active in the Church and be advanced in the priesthood.

The schools have been very effective in rural as well as urban districts. They may be held on a ward or community basis or on a stake basis.

The success of these classes depends greatly upon careful planning and upon close co-operation between ward and stake committees.

Stakes which have not as yet held such schools should get them organized without delay. Helps and suggestions for the school program may be secured from the Presiding Bishopric's Office.



Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson of the Presiding Bishopric's Office congratulates graduates of a recent school for senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood and wives. He urges greater school activity throughout the Church.

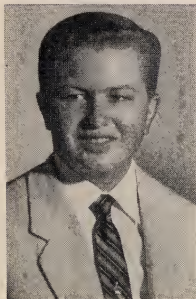
of the congregation thrill to the message of a speaker endowed with the Spirit. A responsive audience has a stimulating effect upon the speaker. Together we share the blessings which come from the operation of the Spirit.

It is understandable, then, why the Lord should say, "It is expedient that the Church meet together often. . . ." (D & C 25:75.) In speaking of the Church, the Lord was referring to its members. We cannot afford to pass up the blessings which come from meeting with our friends in Sacrament meeting. We should consider the social blessings as well as the spiritual advantages that come from attendance at this meeting.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Bishopric's Page

Remarkable Record



Byron J. Tempest

Byron is a priest in the Kenwood Ward, Wilford Stake. For six years and eight months he has had perfect attendance at priesthood and Sacrament meetings. His record was interrupted recently when he went into the armed forces for a period of six months. In order to maintain this record Byron refrained from going on outings and trips. On other occasions he traveled long distances to attend his meetings.

Outstanding Achievement

THE BELNAP BROTHERS, Karl, Keith, and Lee, have made unusual attendance records at priesthood and Sacrament meetings. Karl, recently ordained an elder, missed attending both meetings one Sunday shortly after being ordained a deacon because of sickness and then never missed for seven years while a member of the Aaronic Priesthood. He has received seven individual Aaronic Priesthood awards, six of them with the one hundred percent seal attached.

Keith, now a priest has had perfect attendance at priesthood and Sacrament meetings for seven years and has received seven individual Aaronic Priesthood awards.

Lee, recently ordained a teacher, has received two Individual Aaronic Priesthood Awards and has perfect attendance at priesthood and Sacrament meetings since he was ordained a deacon.

The Presiding Bishopric commend these fine young men and their parents for their devotion to duty.

OCTOBER 1957

STUDY GUIDE FOR WARD TEACHERS

OCTOBER 1957

The Spirit of Co-operation

THE SPIRIT of the gospel of Jesus Christ is the spirit of co-operation. This spirit permeates practically every phase of gospel teaching.

Church organization is based upon co-operation—members of the Church co-operating in an organized plan for the accomplishment of the purposes of the Church.

The missionary system of the Church is a system of co-operation—co-operation of parents, brothers, sisters, and friends with missionaries and the Church to carry the gospel message to the ends of the earth.

The plan of genealogical and temple work is a plan of co-operation—individuals, families, societies, and groups co-operating in the accomplishment of the plan of salvation.

The law of tithing is a law of co-operation—co-operation in the financial and temporal affairs of the Church.

If we observe the law of the fast and pay fast offering, we co-operate in the care of the poor and needy.

The budget plan, now in operation in the stakes and wards of the Church, is a plan of co-operation in providing finances for ward maintenance, recreation, and leisure-time activities.

Finally, the Church welfare plan is a plan of co-operation—co-operation in the fundamental doctrines of the gospel brotherhood, love of fellow men, fraternity, neighborly kindness, and security for every member of the Church. The plan, in essence, is as old as the Church itself. It is based upon the principle of co-operation that enabled the early Mormon pioneers to build this intermountain commonwealth which is now bringing recognition to the Church in many parts of the world.

Only as members of the Church show inclination and ability to co-operate can the Church move forward. As we learn and manifest the spirit of co-operation, which is the spirit of the gospel, the Church will move onward to its great destiny.

In this year of 1957, true Latter-day Saints should manifest as never before the real spirit of co-operation in all things for their mutual welfare.

INTRODUCTION OF STUDY GUIDE FOR NOVEMBER 1957

Inventory Time

At the end of each year, modern business institutions take inventory to determine how they stand. Latter-day Saints should also take inventory of their progress. Here are some items for consideration:

Where do I stand in the matter of loyalty to the Church? The payment of tithes and offerings? Attendance at Sacrament and other meetings? Observance of the Sabbath day? How can I improve my record?

Brothers Make Great Record



The Belnap brothers:

Karl (left), Keith (center) and Lee (right), Pocatello Twenty Second Ward, West Pocatello Stake, are the fine sons of Karl and Ruth Belnap.



—Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

Saturday Means “to Prepare”

by Evelyn Hyde Dunn

EDITOR'S NOTE

Sister Dunn and her husband Emile C. Dunn presided over the Tongan Mission for thirteen years, returning to Logan, Utah, with their three children in 1950. Distances between islands are long and transportation infrequent and slow. However, Sister Dunn traveled throughout the mission meeting with the Saints, establishing Primary work, and organizing Relief Societies where none existed. She did the bulk of translating of lesson material for these auxiliaries and the YWMA.

MANY OF US feel that home and family life in other parts of the world are much different from our own. And they are different, on the surface, but fundamentally the problems of food, clothing, and shelter are the same everywhere and among all peoples. All must have shelter from the elements, whether these are mild or severe. All must have clothing to cover and protect their bodies, no matter what local styles may be. All must have food to sustain life, even though that food may vary greatly from one area to another.

Thousands of miles to the southwest of the United States on a small group of islands beyond the equator

live one group of Father Lehi's children who have been on their islands longer than even their traditions relate. These people have brown skins, with black hair and eyes, and on their pleasant, smiling faces is the light of intelligence. They live in houses

built from the trunks and fronds of coconut palms; even their floors are made of these fronds. They eat foods which would seem strange to others. Most of them are born, live, marry, beget children, and die on their delightful islands of the tropical seas.

These are the Tongans, inhabitants of the Tongan or Friendly Islands. LDS missionaries have been among them for generations, and a large percentage of them have accepted the gospel. Although few have had the privilege of going to the temple and receiving their endowments and sealings, their hopes are high now that a temple is being built in New Zealand. Many Tongan brethren hold the Holy Priesthood, and generally they magnify their callings with a zeal and humility which are characteristic of that people.

One of the most striking examples of their obedience to the gospel has to do with the Sabbath, for which they have deep reverence. In their

Today's Family
EILEEN GIBBONS
Editor

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

language, the word for the day before the Sabbath means "to gather in, or prepare." They use Saturday for that purpose in order that they can with honesty "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

Let us spend a Saturday in a small Tongan village with a young Tongan family.

Dawn is just breaking. High in the trees the roosters call to each other, to announce a new day, and birds twitter and chatter. Below, the matting door of a house on the outskirts of the village is raised, and a man emerges, ready to begin the work of the day. For clothing he wears a khaki shirt, faded and patched, and a cloth wrapped about his waist, reaching nearly to his ankles. His legs and feet are bare, the feet so calloused from never having worn shoes that their soles are almost as hard as leather. This man, whom we shall call Tevita (Tay-vee'-tah), is an elder in the Church, the superintendent of the Sunday School in his local branch, and an honored man in the community.

He moves swiftly to the rear of the house and disappears. Before long he returns, leading a small horse by a rope made of twisted bark. From a thatched shed he takes a harness and proceeds to harness the horse and hitch it to the two-wheeled cart standing nearby. Then from the same shed he brings his spade, hoe, and long bush knife. He places his tools in the cart, together with some large baskets woven from palm fronds.

As Tevita is about to mount into the cart, the door of the house again moves aside, and a small boy runs toward him. His name is Sione (See-owe'-nay). His clothes resemble those of his father, and he, too, has bare feet and bare head. In his hand he clutches a chunk of cold broiled taro.* He climbs the wheel of the cart and seats himself cross-legged beside his father on the bottom of the cart. These two are on their way to the family's small plantation to do their share of the preparation for the Sabbath.

Mele (May'-lay), the wife and mother, must also do her share. Saturday is washday in Tonga, and she wants to have her family's clothes clean for Church. Because it is easier to take the clothes to the water than to carry the water to the clothes, Mele

(Continued on following page)

*A root plant similar to the potato, but generally larger.



"The best PUMPKIN PIE is made with better-blending Morning Milk"

(And for a better cup of Postum cream it with Morning Milk!)

Morning Milk Pumpkin Pie (Makes 9" single crust pie)

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon | 2 eggs |
| 1/2 teaspoon cloves | 1 1/2 cups (large can) undiluted |
| 1/2 teaspoon allspice | MORNING MILK |
| 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg | 1 1/2 cups canned pumpkin* |
| 1/2 teaspoon ginger | 9" single crust unbaked pie shell |

Blend sugar, spices and salt together. Add pumpkin. Mix well. Beat eggs with Morning Milk and combine with pumpkin mixture until smooth. Pour filling into unbaked pie shell. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 15 minutes; reduce to moderate heat (350° F.). Continue baking 35 minutes, or until knife inserted in pie comes out clean. Cool before slicing.

*If desired, cooked mashed sweet potatoes or squash may be used in place of pumpkin.



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Saturday Means to Prepare

(Continued from preceding page)

gathers the few garments of the household into a "vala," a sheet-like cloth which takes the place of trousers for men and the place of aprons for women. The bundle is placed in a small tub, together with a glass wash-board, a piece of yellow soap, and a bit of "blue" in a small rag. There is no one to stay with the children, so she takes little Ofa (O'fa) and baby Tupou (Too-pou') with her. They walk to the village cistern, about two blocks away. Ofa carries a bucket to which is attached a long cord made of the braided fibre of the coconut husk.

The first task on arrival at the cistern is to draw water. Mele lowers the bucket into the black depths. When she can feel that it has touched the water, she gives the cord a deft flip, easy from long practice, and the bucket turns on to its side so that it will fill with water. The water is poured into the tub and one or two more bucketfuls are drawn and added. This is sufficient for her wash.

Before sitting down to her task, Mele looks around for her two children. They are happily wading with their bare feet in a nearby mud puddle. So the mother takes her wash-board, sits cross-legged beside the tub, and begins scrubbing the clothes. The first few pieces are white—Tevita's Sunday shirt and *vala*, her own white dress, and the children's Sunday clothing, together with various white underclothes. These are not very dirty, so they take little time and energy. As she finishes scrubbing each piece, Mele wrings it out with her strong hands and places it in the bucket.

The colored articles have been worn longer and are much more soiled. She has to use more soap and much more strength in scrubbing them before they will be clean. Mele does not consider this hand scrubbing to be a hardship, as she is strong and is accustomed to the work. She knows of no other way to wash clothing. Before Mele has finished with her scrubbing, a neighbor woman arrives with her bundle of clothes and washing utensils, as well as her three small children. The two women chat as they work, enjoying the opportunity to visit and to discuss their children and the problems of their households.

As soon as she has scrubbed and rinsed all of her clothes, Mele gathers the clean wash and her children, and they go home. Here she hangs the clothes on a wire which serves as a fence between her yard and that of the neighbor. For clothespins she uses sticks about six inches long that have been split on one end. The wire does not hold all of the washing, so she spreads the rest on the grass in the sun. Little Ofa is given the task of keeping the dogs, pigs, and chickens off the clothes. Baby Tupou also must be kept off.

The next task is to burn charcoal for the iron. In a corner of the small cookhouse is a basket of coconut shells without husks. Mele gives one of these shells to Ofa and sends her to the neighboring woman to borrow a little fire. Ofa soon returns with a live coal in the shell. With this Mele starts a small fire and heaps it up with the empty coconut shells. The bits of coconut meat which cling to the shells are full of fat and the shells burn readily. When the entire pile has burned down to charcoal, Mele puts out the fire with a little water. She now has fuel for her iron, but the charcoal is still damp from the water and not yet ready to use. Leaning against the cookhouse is a piece of galvanized iron, such as is used for roofing. She spreads the charcoal on this iron and puts it in the sun. The heat will dry it by the time she is ready to iron.

It is now nearing midday, and Mele knows that her husband and son will soon be returning home, hungry. Tevita has had nothing to eat today, and all that little Sione has had is a cold piece of taro. Mele herself has not eaten, although the children at home have each had a small piece of taro left over from their evening meal yesterday. So she gets water from the cistern, peels some more taro, and puts it on to boil in the iron kettle which sits on a piece of iron matting. For fuel, she uses sticks and coconut husks. The dinner will be cooked and ready to eat when Tevita and their son return from the farm.

The clothes hanging on the wire are now dry enough to iron, so Mele gathers them in and stacks them on a pile of mats in one of the rounded ends of the house, behind the curtain

of *tapa** cloth. She drops her home-made clothespins into a small basket, which she hangs from the inside wall of the house with a piece of bark.

The two little children, tired from their play in the warm sunshine, are now sleeping on the cool, soft floor of the house. Mele is a good house-keeper and keeps her floor soft, for it must serve as beds for the family as well as a floor to the house. She herself is tired, so she lies on the floor, with her head on a kapok**-filled pillow, to await Tevita's return. There is little disturbance from the outside. The men of the village are not yet returning from their farms, and most of the other women and children are resting in their homes. As the fire under the kettle cooks the food for the first meal of the day, Mele falls asleep, at peace with the world. She awakens some time later as the cart bearing Tevita, little Sione, and baskets of food, stops behind the house. Ofa and Tupou also are stirring. The noonday rest is over and Mele must once again be at her work.

While Tevita and Sione unload the cart, Mele spreads a small, clean mat on the floor of the cookhouse. She then removes the cooked taro from the kettle and piles it all into a basin. The dinner is ready. She makes no apologies for having nothing to eat but taro. Tevita expects nothing more. This is an ordinary meal for the Tongan people. Most of the time they eat only this starch food, with nothing to go with it. Only on special occasions do they eat anything else.

The mother, father, and three children sit cross-legged on the floor around the mat. They all bow their heads as Tevita thanks their Father in heaven for the food and asks his blessings upon it. Then each of the children is given a piece of taro in his hand. The parents also take the food in their hands and eat it. The food is warm, and they eat with good appetites, for they have earned the right to eat. After the meal, each member of the family, beginning with the father, washes his hands in the same basin of water. Mele rolls up the mat and puts it away, and they are ready to continue preparing for the Sabbath.

*Bark cloth, made from the inner bark of a tall, willow-like tree.

**Cotton-like substance found in pods of kapok tree.

Tevita takes a basket of copra, the dried kernel of the coconut, and drives to the next village to buy the supplies that are needed. Meanwhile, Mele must iron the clothes. She takes her iron down from the high shelf. It is larger than the ordinary steam iron of the United States, and black and heavy. She pulls out a pin and lifts off the top. Inside she places some live coals from the fire, then fills up the cavity of the iron with some of the charcoal which she prepared this morning. She places the top on the iron and pushes the pin in to hold it tight. The flat end of the iron has a small air hole in it, and Mele fans this end of the iron with a fan made from coconut fronds, to keep the charcoal burning well. What smoke there is goes out a small pipe near the pointed end of the iron.

Mele sets the iron on a clean empty corned beef can so that it will not burn the floor of the house. She then places on the floor a large piece of tapa cloth that has been folded two or three times. Over this she spreads one of the flat pieces from her wash, and her "ironing board" is ready to use. She puts the clothes within easy reach and seats herself on the floor. When the shadows begin to lengthen, she has finished her ironing and has neatly folded the clothes. She takes them to a large chest made of camphor wood and carefully lays them inside. Another part of the preparation for Sunday is finished.

About this time Tevita returns from the trading post. In addition to the needed groceries, he has brought a piece of white calico. There is enough to make little Sione a new *vala* to wear with the white shirt that Mele sewed yesterday. The mother is happy, for she wants her small son to look nice when he goes to Church to be confirmed after his baptism tomorrow. She will hem it later in the evening before she goes to sleep.

Mele's next task is to sweep her yard. Her broom is made of the mid-ribs of the coconut leaves, tightly bound to a light piece of wood for a handle. Beginning near the house, the woman sweeps all the grass in the front yard, removing dead leaves, sticks, bits of bark, and anything else which might look out of place or make the grass look untidy. Even dead grass is swept along with the trash. As Mele sweeps this into piles, little Ofa gathers it up in baskets and

(Concluded on following page)

New Idea for Autumn Suppers



High-Hat TUNA Soufflé



High Hat TUNA SOUFFLÉ

Makes 4 servings

Scald.....½ cup milk
Stir in.....2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon salt
¼ cup shortening

Cool to lukewarm.
Measure into bowl.....¼ cup warm (not hot) water
(Cool to lukewarm for compressed yeast.)
Sprinkle or crumble in.....1 package or cake Fleischmann's Yeast, active dry or compressed.

Stir until dissolved.
Add lukewarm milk mixture.
Add.....2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 cup sifted enriched flour

Beat until smooth, about 1 minute. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 40 minutes.

In 1-quart casserole,

combine: 1 can cream of celery soup
1 7-ounce can tuna, drained
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 tablespoon chopped pimiento

Beat until stiff but not dry. 2 egg whites
Stir batter down and fold in beaten egg whites.

Spoon batter on top of creamed tuna.
Bake in 400°F (hot) oven 40 to 45 minutes.

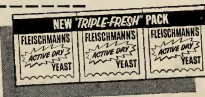
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(Concluded from preceding page)

empties the baskets along the side of the lot. As dusk falls, the rubbish is burned. All over the village is seen the glow of little fires, and the smoke gives a sweet and acrid scent to the cooling evening air.

Meantime, Tevita has visited the village cistern and brought several buckets of water for the daily baths of the family. He has bathed and put on clean clothing. After her sweeping, Mele takes the cool water in a pan and bathes her children and dresses them in clean clothes. Then she takes her own pan of cool water to the small enclosure which serves as the family bathhouse and has her bath.

While Mele has been bathing the children, Tevita has boiled some sweet potatoes in the iron kettle. Once again the little family surrounds the mat and eats the simple meal, this time by the light of the kerosene lantern. The few sweet potatoes which are not eaten are placed in a pan on a shelf of the cookhouse.

The time has now arrived to hem the new *vala*. Mele brings out her sewing machine, which is of the port-

able type, but without an electric motor. The power is the strong right hand of the user, who turns a wheel that runs the mechanism of the machine. Mele puts the machine on the floor and sets the lantern nearby so she can have light. She sits on the floor to sew. She is very skilful with her hands, and the hem is as neat as if it had been made on a modern electric machine.

The children are now sleepy. Tevita and Mele close down the door mats and prepare for sleep. But first the family raise their voices in that beautiful song "*Fakamalo Kia Sihova*" (We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet), and all kneel while Tevita leads in family prayer. The children snuggle under the tapa cloth on the floor, and Mele lies beside them. Tevita takes down the "*Tohi Tapu*," The Holy Book, from the shelf and reads aloud the chapters which will be the Sunday School lesson for tomorrow. Then he turns the wick of the lantern low and lies down on the floor with his family. Soon they are all asleep in the contentment of having done their work well. Once again they have prepared for the Sabbath.

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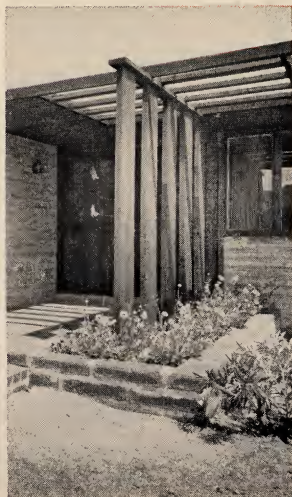


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SIMPLE PLANTER

by Louise Price Bell

SINCE THIS house is on a slight slope a simple planter was used to avoid a down-hill look at entrance. Shallow by the walk, it is deeper as the ground slopes so that the top is perfectly level. Six uprights tie well with overhead treatment to create an interesting effect, and planter is kept filled with seasonal flowers.

—Photo by Louise Price Bell

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—Photo by Eva Luoma

Autumn Means Apples

FEW FRUITS have had the popularity and illustrious tales surrounding them that the apple has. Adam and Eve bit into one—and look what happened! A golden one brought all kinds of trouble in Greek legend. William Tell, compelled to shoot one from his son's head with a bow and arrow, became famous. Any school-teacher long in her profession has had a red and polished one placed before her—and what child hasn't heard the

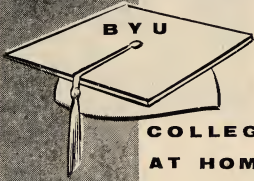
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Autumn Means Apples

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Johnny Appleseed story? Apples have been bobbed for, candied, and stolen green from trees all over the world. A fruit bowl isn't a fruit bowl without apples, and many a happy memory includes at least one chorus of "You'll Be Mine In Apple Blossom Time."

Yes—apples have colorful connotations. But in importance and significance, they reach their peak in the kitchen of the imaginative homemaker who has discovered that apples have almost endless uses and goodness. To-

may even have dipped apple cubes or balls in citrus or pineapple juice to assure they won't turn dark and added them to her hors d'oeuvre tray. The following apple dishes, a little out of the ordinary, she may not have tried.*

Apple and Sweet Potato Casserole

- 4 cups sliced apple
- 4 cups sliced, cooked sweet potato
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons molasses
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter or substitute

Place alternate layers of apple and sweet potato in a greased 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle the sugar, molasses, and salt over the top and dot with butter. Cover the dish. Bake the casserole in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 40 minutes, or until the apple is tender. Yield: 6-8 servings.

Apple Muffins

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1/4 cup melted shortening
- 1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups finely chopped apple

Sift together the first six ingredients. Combine the egg, milk, and shortening. Add the liquid to the dry ingredients and stir barely enough to mix. Pour the lemon juice over the apple and fold the chopped apple into the muffin mixture; do not overmix. Fill greased muffin pans 3/4 full. Bake the muffins in a hot oven, 425° F., for 25 minutes. Serve hot. Yield: 16 muffins.

Green Beans with Apples

- 5 strips bacon
- 1 medium-sized onion
- 4 cups green beans
- 6 medium-sized tart apples
- 3 tablespoons vinegar
- 3 tablespoons brown sugar

Cut bacon in pieces and fry with sliced onion until bacon is crisp and the onion tender. Add green beans and bean liquid to diced apples, vinegar and brown sugar. Simmer until apples are tender. Season with salt and pepper.

*Recipes furnished by the Utah State University, Cornell University, and Michigan State University extension services.



—Photography by the Costas

day, thanks to centuries of breeding experiments, apples are more beautiful and flavorful than ever before. They are healthful, too, supplying Vitamins A and C and other nutrients.

Although there are many varieties, apple supply and quality is in most localities at its best in the autumn months. October is usually an economical time to buy whatever variety best suits the homemaker's need—tart or immature apples for cooking and baking; juicy, sweet apples for eating and for salads. Quality is easy to determine because blemishes are usually on the surface.

Every housewife who loves apples has her favorite recipe for apple pie, Brown Betty, baked apple, and Waldorf salad. At her fingertips are directions for apple butter, apple jelly, applesauce, and apple stuffings, breads, and cakes. She has probably discovered how good chopped apple is as a garnish for meats such as pork, beef, sausage, or liver, when browned until tender in bacon drippings. She

Jesus Visits Judea

(Continued from page 722)

"If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children," he added, "how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

From the time of the Feast of the Tabernacles, which was held in late September or October, until the Feast of Dedication which was held in the latter part of December, Jesus may have remained in Judea, although some authorities have him returning to Galilee in this period of time.

Luke and John record two additional miracles which some attribute to this period. One is the casting out of a devil. After this miraculous event occurred, some of the people again accused him of casting out devils "through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils."

Jesus replied that a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand.

One day while Jesus was walking with his disciples, they came across a man who had been blind from his birth. Among the people of that time it was popularly supposed that sin was accountable for some of the afflictions people suffered, and the disciples asked, "Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?"

"Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents," Jesus replied, "but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work.

"As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world."

He then anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay and told him to go wash in a pool. He did and was able to see. When his neighbors realized what had happened, they disputed among themselves, wondering if this could be the same man, and when they asked how he was cured, he revealed that a man called Jesus had done it. Inasmuch as the healing had taken place on the Sabbath day, the people brought the man to the Pharisees.

"This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the sabbath day," said some of the Pharisees.

But others said, "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?"

(Continued on following page)



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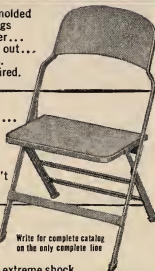
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Jesus Visits Judea

(Continued from preceding page)

When they asked the man who had been healed what he thought, he said, "He is a prophet."

Sending for the man's parents, the Pharisees asked: "Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? how then doth he now see?"

The father and mother feared what might happen to them if they admitted a miracle. Jewish leaders had agreed that if any man was heard to confess that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, he should be denied the privilege of attending the synagogue. So they answered the Pharisees, "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind:

"But by what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes, we know not: he is of age; ask him: he shall speak for himself."

Upon receiving this answer the Pharisees again called the man to them and tried to convince him that Jesus was a sinner. When he stood by his position that the person who had cured him was a man of God, they "cast him out."

When Jesus heard what had happened, he found the unfortunate man and asked, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

Answering, the man replied, "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?"

And Jesus said, "Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee."

"Lord, I believe," the man declared, and fell down and worshiped him.

Speaking further to the people, Jesus told the parable of the Good Shepherd, pointing out that the sheep know the voice of their keeper. Then he added, "The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life,

and that they might have it more abundantly.

"I am the good shepherd: the shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

It was on this occasion also that Jesus said, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice: and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

"Therefore doth my father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again.

"No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received from my Father."

At the Feast of the Dedication, Jesus was again in the temple. Finding him there the "Jews" asked him to tell them plainly whether or not he was the Christ.

"I told you and ye believed not," Jesus answered: "the works that I do in my father's name, they bear witness of me.

"But ye believe not, because you are not of my sheep, as I said unto you."

Continuing his teachings, Jesus declared, "I and my father are one." To the Jews who did not believe, this was blasphemy, and they tried again to stone him. But Jesus continued his discourse saying, among other things, "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not.

"But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in him."

Again the Jews tried to take him but Jesus escaped and, passing out of the land of Judea, he crossed over the Jordan River where he had been baptized to Bethabara.

(To be continued)

The Worth of MIA

(Continued from page 710)

thorities. President Grant called me to see if I would entertain him because I had filled two missions in Holland. Well, I showed him around town. When evening came, I said, "Now, I can take you for a ride out to the mines or out to Saltair, or I can take you to a Mormon bazaar in action, and let you see what the

Mormons are doing." He said, "I would like to see that."

We went down to the old tabernacle on Thirty-third South and State, and there were the young girls selling candy and the boys polishing shoes, and then we went up and bought more candy than anybody around there, and distributed it among the people, and then we went

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

upstairs to an operetta. It was a beautiful thing, and then they announced that there would be a dance downstairs, and I said, "Now, Mr. Herschel, I do not want to tire you out. I will take you back to the hotel, if you would like to go." He said, "Couldn't I just see that dance first?"

So we went down to the dance, and on the way back to the hotel, he said, "Mr. Richards, if I hadn't seen it I wouldn't believe it. All those hundreds of young people having such a glorious time and no evidence of any evil of any kind." He said, "You know, if I were a young man, I would like to cast my lot with the Mormons. But, you know how they feel towards the Mormons over in Holland." He did not need to tell me anything about that. I knew.

He said, "My daughter is married to a doctor, and my son is a professor, and they would disown me."

But he saw something here that he just did not realize.

Some years ago, when I was president of the Hollywood Stake down in California, we had a dance there in the Wilshire Ward Chapel with the Deseret Club from the campus of UCLA, and Mr. Evans, who was in charge of all of the church groups there, attended our party. It was a gorgeous thing: our young women in their party dresses, no sign of smoking or drinking, inside or outside the building. And Mr. Evans turned to me and said, "Mr. Richards, I wish every minister in Los Angeles could see what I see here tonight."

I thank God for this great organization of the MIA and its influence upon the lives of our young people.

I heard a minister over the radio in Los Angeles make this statement. He said, "What we need today is a Church for the youth of the land. We have been preaching to the old folk and letting the young folk go to the devil. That is why our churches are empty today."

Now, I could tell you a lot of stories like that. One of the ministers in Los Angeles in 1953, who runs a questions and answers box, was asked the question, "What Church is doing the greatest work with its young people?" And while he was the minister of another church, he answered, "The Mormon Church." And then he went on to indicate what they were actually doing.

(Concluded on following page)

OCTOBER 1957



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AT YOUR GROCERS

The Worth of MIA

(Concluded from preceding page)

My son-in-law is an attorney there. The clerk of the court said that his wife had been appointed with a group to study the youth program in Los Angeles, and he said that when his wife got into Wilshire and saw what our young people were doing, she went back to her own minister and said, "Why can't our young people take part in our Church like the Mormon young people? Why can't they preach from the pulpit and pray and conduct our exercises?" And the minister's reply was, "Well, it cost me a lot of money to learn how to preach. I don't propose to develop any competition in my church. If the young people want to preach, let them go get it as I got mine."

We cannot help being proud of the wonderful influence that is going out into the world, and there are many who are copying after it. It is just as Jesus said, that the truth was the salt of the earth, "but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" (Matt. 5:13.) And the people will turn unto us because the Lord has restored his truth, as Brother Morris just bore witness, and this work is being led by prophets of the Living God, and the power of God is in it, as Paul said, when he said he was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.

Along with preparation comes the responsibility we owe to each individual member. Salvation is an individual thing. You cannot save in multitudes or groups. That is where the teacher comes in, to know the student and to be able to touch his and her life at the proper time.

I WOULD LIKE to tell you a little story of how I think this principle can be aptly applied in a practical way.

There is a man here in Salt Lake City who asked me to talk to a high priests quorum one night a few years back. He wanted to come and pick me up. I assured him I could get to the chapel. "No, I want to pick you up." So, of course I let him because I have learned if you let anyone do things for you he will like you better, so on the way to the chapel he told me this little story:

He said that he worked for the city of Salt Lake during the war. One day he was driving up Main Street, and he saw a boy in uniform in the

hands of a wicked woman on Main Street, and he said, "Something said to me, 'Stop and rescue that boy.'" You see, that boy stood at the crossroads, and so he went and parked his car and came back and took hold of the boy, and the woman said, "No, you don't. He's mine." And this man said, "There's a policeman right there on the corner who will take care of you," so she rendered no further resistance.

He took that boy and drove him around until he had sobered up and then took him to a hotel and bought a room for him, left him his card with his number and name and said, "If you ever need me, let me know."

In a week or ten days a letter came from the mother back in Virginia, as I remember, or West Virginia, and it read something like this: "I don't know why you did what you did for my boy unless it was that I prayed for that boy that night as I never prayed for him before."

You see, even the Lord has to have instruments to answer the prayers of the faithful, for the prayer of the faithful availeth much, we are told. So the Lord touched the heart of this man to rescue that boy in order that the prayer of that good woman might be answered.

I wish every one of us could feel that we could be instruments in the hands of the Lord to stand at the crossroads when we are needed.

I like the little story—I guess I will

give you this one in closing—told about Antonius Stradivari, who built violins that are worth their weight in gold. This little verse was written by Mary Ann Evans regarding the Stradivarius violin:

I do not know whether you have ever seen one or not, but I stroked one once—you know, "the hand that shook hands with the king"—I just thought I would like to be able to say that I had. I asked the owner what it was worth. "Oh," he said, "you don't put a monetary value on a thing like this. I carry \$50,000 insurance on it."

This is the little verse:

If my hand slackened I should rob
God

Since he is fullest good,
Leaving a blank instead of a violin.
God could not make Antonius Stradivarius violins without Antonius.

I suppose God could have rescued that boy on Main Street in Salt Lake City, but he had to have an instrument through whom he worked to do that.

May God grant that each one of us who are called into his great service may realize that we are instruments in the hands of the Lord for the saving of his children and may God bless you for the great work you are accomplishing. I humbly pray, as I feel to bless you all, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Silent City of Rocks

(Continued from page 719)

to save the wagon train. When they reached Alamo Creek, the wagons had all been burned and plundered, the people killed.

Others there were who went through the Silent City of Rocks, going east instead of west.

Some of the first were members of the Mormon Battalion. These men had joined the United States Army in Iowa during the Mexican War. They had marched from there to San Diego, California, where they had been discharged. Some had stayed on, others had made their way northward, then turned again to the east. Members of the Battalion had been at Sutter's Fort when gold was

discovered. Others, crossing the Sierra Nevada, had found and helped bury members of the ill-fated Donner-Red Party.

Now they tramped their way eastward along the twisted course of the Humboldt River, turned northward and passed through the Silent City of Rocks, a few at a time. Some of them found their families already in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Others did not, and so went on. Struggling over the Wasatch Range, crossing through South Pass, they followed the downward course of the Platte River, discordantly traveling eastward on the great westward route. Once they found their families, how-

ever, they turned again to the west and [Brigham Young's colony in] Great Salt Lake Valley.

When the first transcontinental railroad was completed in 1869, travel along the California Trail slowly disappeared. But freight and stage lines from the railroad shot out to the north and south. The Kelton, Utah-Boise, Idaho, stage line snaked its way up through the Silent City of Rocks, keeping this isolated area alive as a travel route.

It was here in 1878 that a stage-coach was held up by two bandits and robbed of \$90,000 in gold. One bandit was killed and the other died in prison a few years later. The gold was never recovered, nor, according to the bandit, spent. It was buried there in the Silent City of Rocks beneath five juniper trees.

These Times

(Concluded from page 690)

mindful of John Locke's influential and currently accepted view that "the Law of Nature stands as an external rule to all men"; so the Constitution has come to its 170th anniversary. It is the great political revelation of the 18th century. It reflects glory on the intelligence and wisdom of the framers. It is a glorious standard. Men in a Missouri jail, 1838-1839, could say this and in the same paragraph exult that "it is founded in the wisdom of God." This is not easy to say from a dungeon. In the same generation, William Lloyd Garrison of Massachusetts was declaring (1840) that the Constitution was "a covenant with death and an agreement with Hell" (because slavery was operable there—prior to the Thirteenth Amendment, adopted in 1865).

It is likely that Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, Lyman Wight, Caleb Baldwin, and Alexander McRae had insight from Liberty Jail (consider the name, "Liberty Jail") into fundamentals that often escape men. At any rate, they included in their epistle of March 25, 1839, the following challenge:

"There is a love from God that should be exercised toward those of our faith, who walk uprightly, which is peculiar to itself, but it is without prejudice; it also gives scope to the mind, which enables us to conduct ourselves with greater liberality towards all that are not of our faith, than what they exercise towards one another. These principles approximate nearer to the mind of God, because it is like God, or Godlike." (Ibid., III, p. 304. Italics added.)

Here is the nub of the Constitution. It is the nub of the gospel of Christ. It

Wheat fields have crept up into the Silent City now, replacing the sage in the lower, flatter areas. Higher up, white-faced cattle graze over the land that once fed the Bannack war ponies. The roads are rough, but a few still come to look at the strange and fantastic formations. Some still come to look for the five juniper trees and the \$90,000 in gold. Some come and read the plaque at Almo that tells of the massacre that took place almost a hundred years ago. Some come to photograph and paint and listen to the wind whispering through the sage and the aspen and the pine. But mostly the Silent City of Rocks is left to the ranchers and the farmers, to the piñon jays and the hawks and the rabbits.

Unfortunately it is no longer a part of a well-traveled route.

is the challenge of these times of the gospel, the Constitution, and the God-like life. Has "love from God" given sufficient "scope" to our minds today, that we, who are not confined in a dungeon, can "conduct ourselves with greater liberality towards all that are not of our faith, than what they exercise towards one another?"

The principle strikes at the entire core of modern sociological questions. Can the White Citizens' Council of the South act towards the NAACP with "greater liberality" than that which they accord one another? Can the friends of the NAACP act towards the White Citizens' Councils with "greater liberality" than they accord themselves and the colored population? These are hard tests. There are harder ones in international relations. Can Khrushchev and his associates accord "greater liberality" to Mr. Eisenhower and his associates than they accord to themselves? Can Nasser, conscious of love from God, accord "greater liberality" to Israel than to Islam? And vice versa throughout?

Can man become more Godlike?

The anniversary of the Constitution is a good time to remind ourselves of the words of Joseph Smith and his associates written March 25, 1839, that certain principles approximate nearer to the mind of God; "because it is like God, or Godlike."

As problems come and Supreme Court decisions reverse themselves, we may still feel great confidence in the Constitution, as an effort to embody rules and principles "external to all men." The remaining question, always, is where do we as individuals stand with respect to the challenge of such principles.

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Jet Age Influence

The Sunday School teacher told the children to draw a picture illustrating a biblical text. One little girl returned with a drawing of an airplane and a man, woman, baby, and a pilot.



"What's this?" the teacher asked.

"The flight into Egypt," replied the tot. "That's Mary, Joseph, The Infant Jesus, and Pontius the Pilot."

♦ ♦ ♦

Good fortune will elevate even petty minds and give them the appearance of a certain greatness and stateliness, as from their high place they look down upon the world; but the truly noble and resolved spirit raises itself and becomes more conspicuous in times of disaster and ill fortune.

—Plutarch

♦ ♦ ♦

There is no limit to the kinds of things which can be done to build reverence and worship. The only limit is that which we place on our imagination and ingenuity.

♦ ♦ ♦

the last word

Ten "Teen" Commandments

1. Don't let your parents down. They brought you up.
2. Be smart. Be obedient. You'll give orders yourself some day.
3. Ditch evil thoughts fast or they'll ditch you.
4. Stop and think before you drink or smoke.
5. Show-off driving is juvenile. Don't act your age.
6. Pick the right friends to be picked for a friend.
7. Choose a date fit for a mate.
8. Don't go steady unless you're ready.
9. Love God and neighbor.
10. Live carefully. The soul you save may be your own.

♦ ♦ ♦

Before you condemn a friend, look to yourself for the reason for your complaint.

Bad is the day for every man when he becomes absolutely satisfied with the life he is leading, with the thoughts he is thinking, with the deeds he is doing; when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows he was meant and intended to do.

—Phillips Brooks

♦ ♦ ♦

From the same flower the serpent draws poison and the bee honey. The serpent never seeks the honey, and the bee ignores the poison.

—Mildred Seydell

♦ ♦ ♦

An ideal wife is any woman who has an ideal husband.

♦ ♦ ♦

Education is what remains when we have forgotten all that we have been taught.—Marquis of Halifax.

♦ ♦ ♦

In our country, and in our times, no man is worthy of the honored name of statesman who does not include the highest practicable education of the people in all his plans of administration.

—Horace Mann

♦ ♦ ♦

The great thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

♦ ♦ ♦

"I love a finished speaker;
Oh, me, I really do;
I don't mean one who's polished;
I just mean one who's through."

♦ ♦ ♦



Hookey: When a small boy lets his mind wander and then follows it.

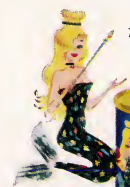
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